

JULY

35 CENTS

CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine



RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
Publishers



"THE SPIRIT OF 1924"



Celebrating with SUNNY



SUNNY Merrywell is a lucky baby (like all Eagle Brand babies), and you'll think so too, when I tell you about the birthday Pirate party the Jolly Rogers gave her.

You see, girls are not allowed in the Hen House. Oh mercy, no! But there was a very particular reason why Sunny was admitted as a Special Honored Guest on her Birthday.

You remember how the Jolly Rogers had a Contest to see who could gain the most in weight and health? And how Jack Robinson won because he drank Eagle Brand every day?

Well, Mother Merrywell happened to tell them that Sunny had gained—oh, ever so much—just the same way when she was a tiny baby. It was the Milkarpies in Eagle Brand that did it. (You can learn all about Milkarpies and the wonderful things they do if you get your mother to send to the Borden Company for a copy of MILKARPIE MAGIC.)

So the Jolly Rogers decided Sunny ought to have a prize for health, too, even if she *was* a girl. And they thought of the nicest prize that everybody could enjoy—a birthday party!

They fixed the whole Hen House up like a Pirate's Den with black crepe paper hung on the walls and a great big grinning Pirate's Head painted on the ceiling. And there was a long skinny arm with crooked claws fastened right across the door so it grabbed you when you came in! Only if you said Abracadabra Catawampus before you crossed the door sill it couldn't hurt you one bit! Anyway the long skinny arm was just paper!

Every one of the Jolly Rogers wore a paper Pirate Hat and a Mask and a Broadsword (made of card board).

Was Sunny scared? Not a bit. She just laughed with glee. And the boys tied a red bandana round her head to show she was a Friend of Pirates. Then they played games out on the lawn and Pete, the Silent Partner, capered around and nearly turned inside out with excitement.

When they tired they all went into the Hen House to plan a Conspiracy. Everything was suspiciously quiet for five minutes. Then suddenly the door burst open and out rushed the Pirates, Peter Thompson leading, with masks pulled down and broadswords flourishing. And they just made one mad raid on the Merrywell's kitchen crying:

"To the Treasure! To the Treasure!"

What do you think they found in the kitchen? Ice-cream and a heaping plate of sandwiches, and a birthday cake with three candy pirates standing on it, each holding a candle!

They carried their Loot out to the Hen House and Mother Merrywell stood in the side door waving at them, which showed she didn't mind the raid a bit.

After that there was a wonderful feast in the Hen House and they all ate prodigiously (that means they ate a lot). And the next thing they knew there came the private Jolly Rogers' signal in the door.

Rat-a-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat.

"S'death!" cried Jack Robinson, "who dares disturb the Pirates' lair?"

And he brushed by the clutching hand and opened the door just a crack.

There stood Daddy Merrywell smiling all over, and he said—

"Where's my little Sunny? It's six o'clock—bedtime for her. You boys can stay out another hour, but Sunny must go to bed. The poor baby is almost asleep now."

And sure enough the little guest of honor was nodding away in her chair. So Daddy Merrywell took her in his arms and carried her off to her downy couch.

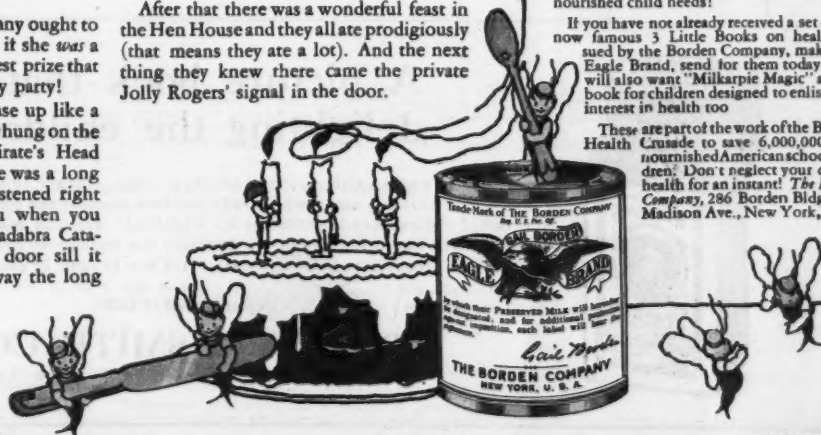
But how do you suppose Daddy Merrywell knew the Jolly Rogers' signal?

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The page who stubbed his toe

THERE was once a king who enjoyed visiting his friends more than anything else that he did. As he was too poor to buy a horse, he walked from one castle to another. Two pages went with him to hold his long cloak off the ground.

In those days everyone wore shoes made of soft leather, pointed and turned up at the front. One day when the pages were both running to keep up with the king, who walked very fast, the smaller page stubbed his toe on a stone. This hurt so much that he let go of his side of the king's cloak, stopped where he was, and held on to his foot.

You can see them in the picture. The king has a golden crown and sceptre, blue clothes and a purple cloak. The page who stubbed his toe is dressed in red with an orange cap and feather. The other page is dressed in orange with a red cap and feather. Both the king's and the pages' shoes are green.

Color them in just this way and the next time that you stub your toe think how lucky you are to have shoes that protect your toes.



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It has 22 pages, with a picture on every page, (larger than the one above) and an interesting story which tells you how to color the picture. The book is called "Silent Reading Games for Children," and you will enjoy it. Your mother will like it too, because it explains the method of silent reading as it is used in progressive schools today. Ask her to send 25 cents for a copy, to

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CHILD LIFE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

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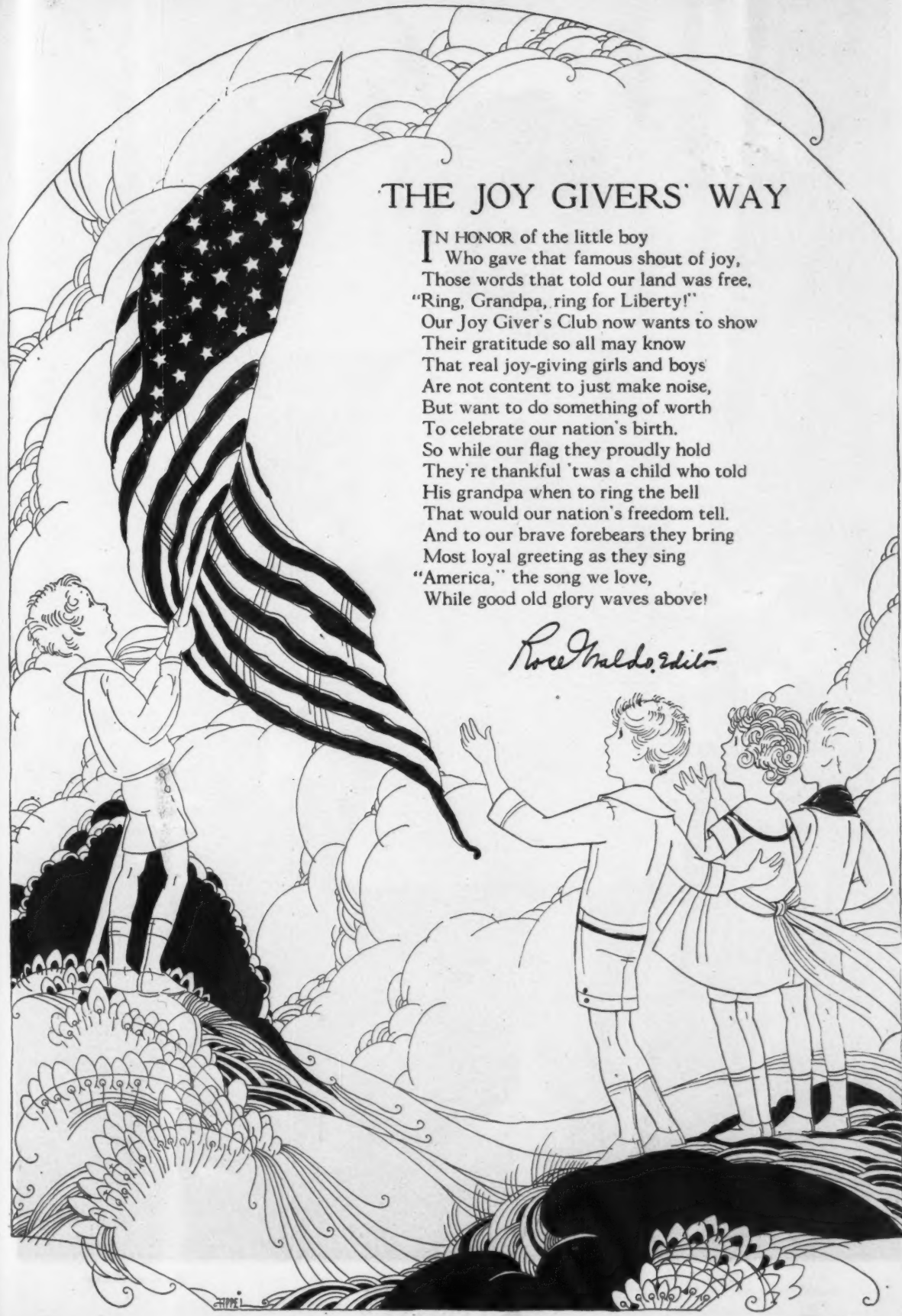


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Gentlemen: Please send me your free catalog, "Books for Children and Guide for Selection."

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THE JOY GIVERS' WAY

IN HONOR of the little boy
Who gave that famous shout of joy,
Those words that told our land was free,
"Ring, Grandpa, ring for Liberty!"
Our Joy Giver's Club now wants to show
Their gratitude so all may know
That real joy-giving girls and boys
Are not content to just make noise,
But want to do something of worth
To celebrate our nation's birth.
So while our flag they proudly hold
They're thankful 'twas a child who told
His grandpa when to ring the bell
That would our nation's freedom tell.
And to our brave forebears they bring
Most loyal greeting as they sing
"America," the song we love,
While good old glory waves above!

Rose Waldo, editor



Annabel
The first member of the Joy Givers' Club.

Beidler - Chicago



Frederick
The first boy member of the Joy Givers' Club.

Budler - Chicago



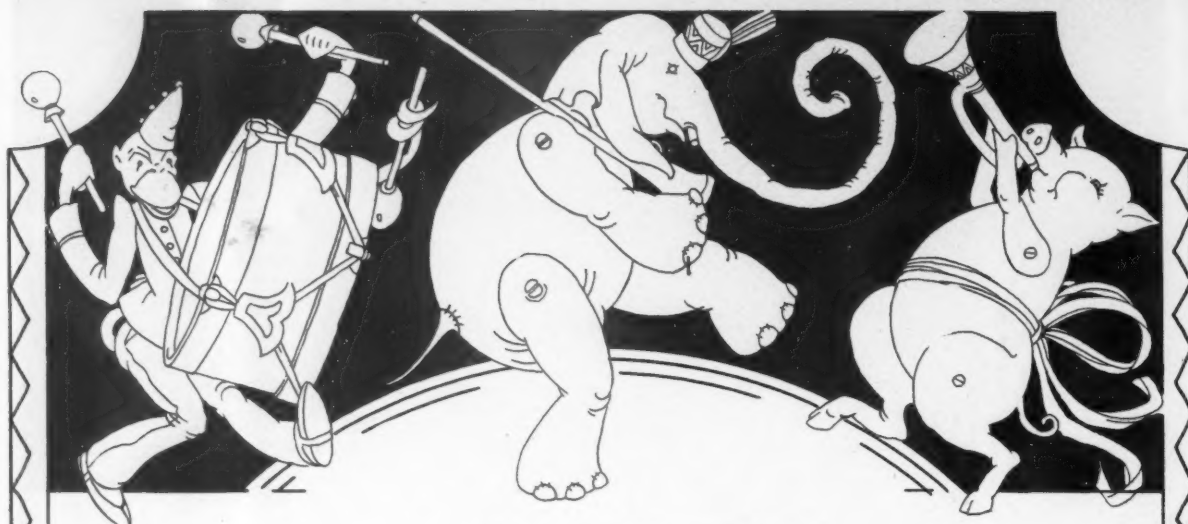
Gordon
Second boy member of the Joy Givers' Club.

Baidler - Chicago



Herbert Lane - Detroit

Betty
The second member of the Joy Givers' Club.



A CELEBRATION

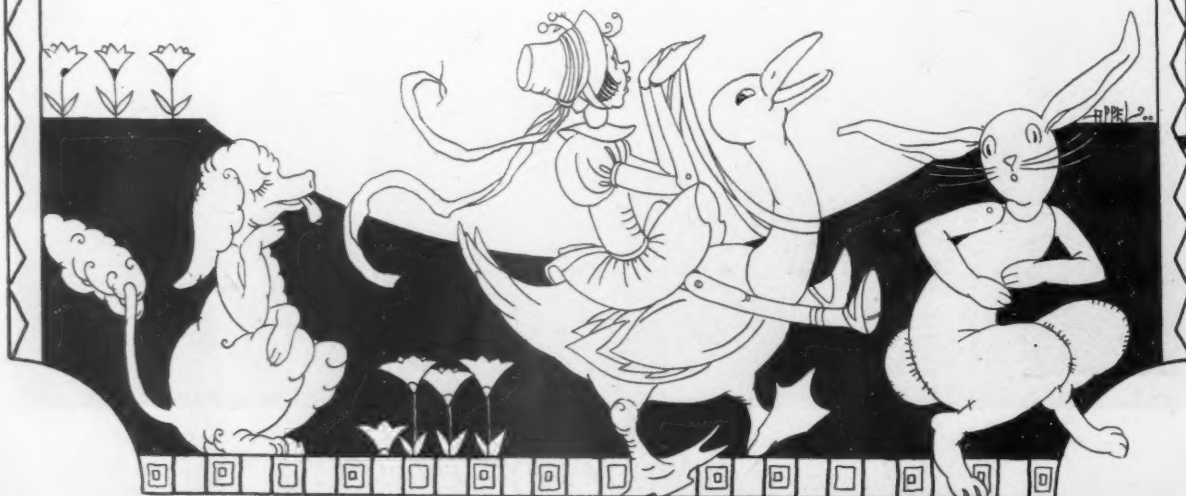
HELEN WING

ONE day the velvet elephant
 Called all the other toys
 And said that he could see no reason
 why
 They shouldn't get together
 (For it was perfect weather)
 And celebrate the Fourth day of
 July.

He wanted to be captain
 And they let him have his way
 (For he was twice as big as all the
 rest)
 And when he gave the sign
 They all fell into line
 And marched across the carpet four
 abreast.

The monkey who was drummer
 Rubb-a-Dubbed with so much
 vim
 He nearly cracked the drumsticks
 right in two,
 While on a horn, the pig
 Played a Yankee Doodle jig
 Assisted by the purple kangaroo.

They marched until the poodle
 Couldn't bark, from lack of breath,
 And the duck complained that he had
 lost his quack;
 But the bear was so polite
 He said he would delight
 In letting someone ride upon his
 back.





The lion then insisted
That a patriotic speech
Was really quite the thing for such
a day,
And when he took the stand
His roaring sounded grand
Although he couldn't think of much
to say.

He stopped when a giraffe
Said he'd like to wave the flag
Because his neck was built for such
a feat,
And then the cotton bunny
Gave a sniff and said 'twas funny
That so far there hadn't been a
thing to eat.

At that the polar bear
Waddled off, but soon returned
With macaroons and chocolate ice
cream
And lemonade so pink
They said they'd almost think
It wasn't real, it seemed so like a
dream.

They quite forgot their manners
When the thoughtful rubber cat
Served gum drops that were colored
green and red,
And as they filled their jaws
They wildly waved their paws,
Then gave three cheers, and trudged
away to bed.



ON INDEPENDENCE DAY

By MARGARET WARDE

Author of the Betty Wales Series, the Nancy Lee Series, etc.

DICK and Dolly wanted to go to the Fourth of July exercises at the Corners. They asked Mother and she said they might.

"But are you sure you'd rather go there than have some boys and girls up here to celebrate?" asked Mother. "You could have your exercises out under the big elm, where it's nice and cool. I have to get supper for the hay-makers, so I haven't time to go to the Corners, but I could make you some lemonade, to have with cookies from the cooky jar."

But Dick and Dolly wanted to go to the real, grown-up exercises, and they went. Afterwards they wished they hadn't. It was a long, hot, dusty walk to the Corners, and the speeches were long and dry too. The lady who sang "The Star-spangled Banner" sang all the verses, and sang them so loud that Dolly said her ears ached. Dolly was tired and cross and sleepy before the meeting was over, and Dick was cross too, and wished he hadn't brought her.

"Why did the man keep talking about Independence Day?" asked Dolly, as they started up the hill towards home. "Why didn't he talk about the Fourth of July?"

"Oh, it's all the same," Dick explained crossly. "Just another name for the Fourth of July. Don't you know that the American colonies got their independence from England, and that's what the Fourth of July is to celebrate? So of course you call it Independence Day."

"Oh!" said Dolly. "I guess I knew that, only I didn't think about it."

"On Independence Day," said Dick grandly. "I ought to have been independent myself. I ought to have come alone to that meeting, and not paid any attention to bringing you. Then I could have sat in the back row with Jack and Andy and slipped out when they did. Maybe they've gone fishing."

Dolly felt in her pocket. "Oh, if I make a plan, will you come?" she asked anxiously.

"No, I don't believe I will," Dick answered her. "I feel too independent."

"Oh, please!" begged Dolly. "I've got my fish-line, and my hook that Daddy fixed for me, right here in my pocket. We can go fishing now, and take turns—"

"Oh, I've got my line too," said Dick, still very grandly, "but I don't want to go fishing with you. Girls are no good for fishing."

"Oh, please let's!" begged Dolly again.

"It's so sunny and dusty on this road. We could turn into the fields by the first bridge and fish along the brook, and pretty soon we'd come to the woodsy part, and that would be lovely."

"No," said Dick, "I don't want to. There aren't any fish in this brook. Be-

sides, you'd scare them

away, because you're a girl

and little and you don't understand

about fishing."

"Well, anyway let's go home by the woods," said Dolly.

"No," said Dick, just because he felt so



independent. "I'm going home by the road."

"Oh dear!" said Dolly. Then all of a sudden she remembered that she could be independent too. "All right for you!" she said. "I'm going home by the brook, and I'm going to fish too, if I want to."

Just then they came to the first bridge over the brook, and Dolly wriggled under the fence and went off across the green meadow. Now Dick really wanted to go home through the woods just as much as Dolly did, only he felt too independent to do as she wanted.

When he saw Dolly go off, he was a little troubled, because he knew Mother expected him to look after Dolly, and he was almost sure Mother wouldn't want Dolly to go home alone through the woods. It was safe enough, only she might get lost or frightened or something, because she was so little.

"Well, let her get frightened!" muttered Dick, kicking up the dust in a cloud. "Serves

her right for tagging along with me, and then running off when I didn't want her to."

But as Dick walked along, he began to feel less independent. It was lonely without Dolly. He began to worry about her and to wonder if she knew where to cross the brook on stones, and whether the water was deep enough anywhere to drown her, if she got excited about fishing and fell in. Finally, when Dick came to the second bridge—the one where the brook goes up into the woods—he decided to sit down and wait for Dolly and tell her that she was too little to go through the woods alone, so he had had to stay and look after her. So Dick climbed the fence—big boys prefer to climb, of course, where little girls wriggle through—and took off his cap and stretched out on a shady, mossy bank

to rest and wait until Dolly came along.

Now at first Dolly was very happy as she walked along the brook on the springy green turf, looking for a nice deep hole where a trout would be sure to live. Pretty soon she found one, and she took her fishing line out of her pocket, with the hook that Father had tied to it on one end. This line was badly tangled, and in straightening it out Dolly pricked her finger on the hook. She remembered then that she ought to have a worm on the hook

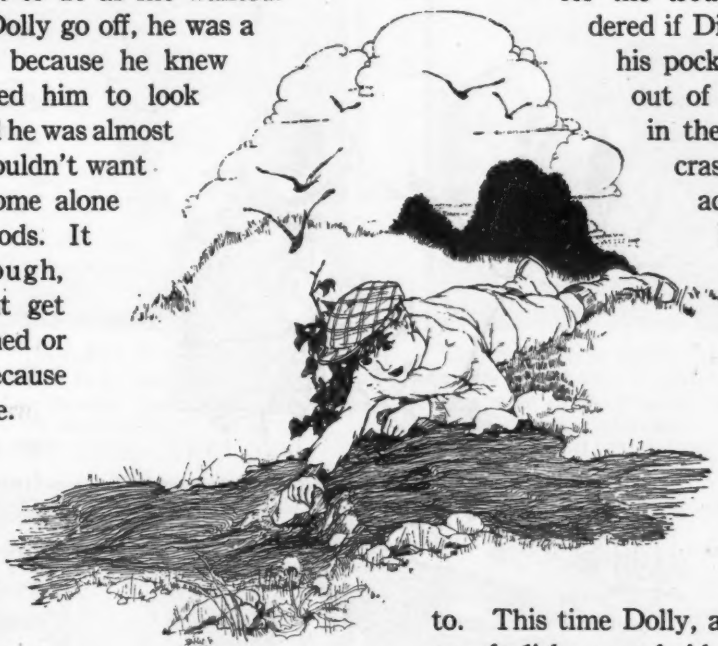
for the trout to eat. She wondered if Dick had one in any of his pockets. But Dick was

out of sight around a turn in the road. Just then a crashing in the bushes across the brook made Dolly jump, and

three big red cows came walking along and stopped and stared hard at Dolly. Dolly was not usually afraid of cows, but it is different when you are all alone, with not a soul to speak

to. This time Dolly, although she knew she was foolish, was afraid. She stuffed the tangled fish-line back in her pocket and ran. Once she looked back and those cows were still staring, and one was following after Dolly. So when she came to the stepping stones, she didn't cross to the cows' side of the brook, but kept along on her own side, which proved to be very wet and marshy. Dolly jumped from hummock to hummock, looking for another good place to cross, but not finding any. After she had slipped off a hummock into a wet, spongy hole, she decided to cross anyway. For when your feet are already wet, what does another wetting matter?

On the other side of the brook there was a nice little dry path that she knew, and she walked along it, still feeling very lost and scared and lonely, and not at all independent. And by this time she had come almost to the



second bridge, where Dick was waiting for her.

Now just about the time that Dolly was wading the brook with her shoes on, Dick happened to think that he was thirsty. He saw a nice flat stone down by the edge of the brook, and he went down and lay flat on his face on the stone, the way boys do, to get near enough to put his lips right into the water.

Now that rock *looked* perfectly flat. When Dick lay on it, he was sure it was flat; but as he wriggled along nearer and nearer to the water, he noticed that it wasn't exactly flat; it was a little sloping. As he realized that, he felt himself slipping a little—oh, just a very little and slowly!—towards the edge. He wasn't worried at first. He put out his hand to clutch at some sharp place on the rock. He waved his feet around to find something to hang on by. But there didn't seem to be any sharp place to grasp, or any pro-

jection to twist a foot around. And just at that minute Dolly, still scared and forlorn, though glad to be on the little dry path that she knew, came running along close to where Dick was. When she saw him, she gave a happy little laugh and a funny little squeal—"Oh, Dickie!"

Now Dick hadn't heard her coming, so her cry startled him, and he lifted his head. The next minute he was slipping and sliding, arms and legs waving wildly, head first, down that treacherous rock, plop into the brook!

And the *next* minute he had scrambled out and was standing on the bank, spluttering and dripping and glaring at poor Dolly as if it

was all her fault that he had fallen in.

"There's nothing to laugh at!" spluttered angry Dick.

"I was—I was just glad to see you waiting for me," stammered frightened Dolly.

"U—ugh!" growled Dick, shaking the water out of his eyes and nose and mouth. Then he turned around and started along the path for home, dripping at every step and looking very comical but feeling very miserable indeed. And Dolly, the water sloshing in her wet shoes, marched solemnly after.

Nobody said a word. The little path was cool and shady, and lovely with moss and ferns. The Black-Cap Chickadee family dee-dee-deed overhead. Reddy Squirrel jumped around in an oak tree, chattering noisily. It was Independence Day, and Dick and Dolly had done just as they wanted to, and been independent as soon as they thought of it.

And yet the day was ruined, utterly ruined!

When Mother saw the sad procession coming, she ran out to meet it.

"It was an accident!" cried Dolly.

"She laughed!" cried Dick.

"Because I was glad—" began Dolly, and burst into tears against Mother's skirt.

Finally Mother found out all about it. "Of course—you didn't mean to do it—you didn't understand the true meaning of independence," she said, "but you were both too independent for your understanding."

"The colonies were independent," said Dick, "and it was a fine thing. So I don't see why it wasn't a fine thing for us."



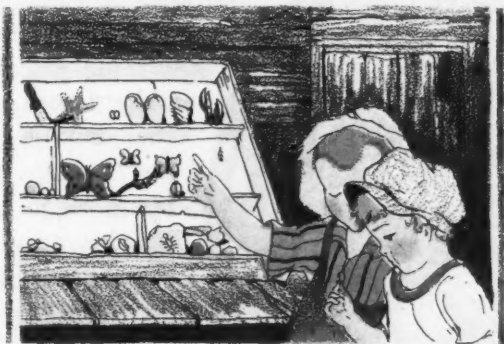
(Continued on page 430)

JUST LIKE THIS

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY BESS DEVINE JEWELL

One day while Red and Pudgy were digging for worms they found an old coin dated 1675. This caused much excitement and was put in a shed with other curiosities—

JUST LIKE THIS



Red said, "I'll bet this coin belonged to Pirates and if we dig down a little we'll find a big treasure chest full of coins and jewels and all sorts of wonderful things—

JUST LIKE THIS



Pudgy said, "Probably the early French settlers passed through here and gave coins to the Indians and the Indians gave them food and invited them to sit around their fire—

JUST LIKE THIS



The news soon spread that there was buried treasure in Pudgy's yard, and it wasn't long before most of the boys in the neighborhood were busy with their shovels—

JUST LIKE THIS



"Maybe there's an Indian grave here in this very yard and if we dig far enough we'll find lots of Indian bows and arrows and beads and feathers and things—

JUST LIKE THIS



Great rejoicing followed when Bud dug up a rope and the treasure might have been found if Pudgy's father hadn't been so fussy about the looks of the yard and interfered—

JUST LIKE THIS



BUNNY THE BRAVE

By DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI

Author of *Kari, the Elephant, Jungle Beasts and Men, etc.*

ONE day, the King of a jungle, the Elephant, said to his subjects: "Summer is ending; there has been a lot of rain now. The grass and the leaves are plentiful. Now I do not need to be busy all the time looking after your food supply, my subjects. And since I need a little rest, I shall leave you all for a month and go to the seashore."

Of course his subjects, the cows, the deer, the boars, the antelopes, the monkeys, and the rabbits felt sad at his going. But since they realized that their King was good and kind, and since he had been working very hard of late, he had better go on a month's vacation. So the Elephant, tall as a house-top and big as a cathedral, swung out of his jungle, and pretty soon vanished out of sight like a vast black cloud lost in the silver spaces of the evening sky.

His subjects, though somewhat dejected by his going away, yet in a couple of days pulled themselves together and set to work. Now that the leaves burnt like opulent torches of green, and the grass that trammelled their feet tasted lush and thick, they set to work to pile up their store for the winter, which would be upon them soon enough.

In the jungle you stock up things just when the heavy rain has fallen and the big rivers and the little rivers are so full that they can hardly sing.

Regarding work, there are two laws of work in the jungle. One is that all grown-ups do useful and hard work. The other law is that the young must not work in holes in the ground. Nor should they do heavy work on the ground. They are employed in running errands most of the time. There was one youngster in this jungle who was just the right person. He was little Bunny, the youngest of the rabbit household. He was called little, in spite of his big healthy body. While the grown-ups worked, he sang songs, danced all manner

of dances to amuse them. This he did when he was not running errands. Bunny was called the soul of any party. They never gave a party without asking him.

One day, as the sun was setting, the jungle-folks stopped work. They asked Bunny to dance for them. Just think of the golden gloom of the evening swiftly coming upon them, crickets and other grass-dwellers singing from the floor of the forest; and from the tree-tops the purple, the blue, the yellow and



red birds sang trills upon trills, cadenza upon cadenza, till the entire jungle grew truly into a theater of a thousand sweet sounds and scenes. Bunny was dancing a wonderful jig to the music of birds and insects.

But, lo! Suddenly everything stopped. The entire jungle was still like a frightened child. The cows looked at the deer in surprise. The deer, in utter amazement, looked at the family of boars. Why! Who was this? What does it all mean? Before them they saw Bunny slink away to his parents, and in his place—a big tiger. The old fellow opened his mouth full of teeth sharp as knives, then roared. This he did thrice, as if to clear his throat. Then he said, in a mean, hard voice:

"I see that you have no king in your jungle. I was passing by when I saw that stupid Bunny dance."

This made Bunny angry. But he controlled himself, as all good young people should. The tiger went on: "I think you need a king. For there is no king here. So I shall be your king from now on."

To that remark all the animals protested. Even the insects chirped their protest. "Yao-yawoo!" roared the tiger. "Enough," he said, "I am your king now. I will kill the lot of you if you protest again. Now listen to me. I shall make my home here. Since I am of a superior race, I eat no grass, nor leaves, as you do. I eat meat. So send me

one member—the youngest one—from each family for each day. Tomorrow send me a rabbit from the rabbit family. Day after, send me a deer from the deer family. So on, and so on, as long as I live. Now go home, every one of you. Obey your king. Don't forget to send me that rabbit for my dinner."

Now the poor sweet peaceful jungle folks went to their respective homes, their hearts heavy with pain and their heads full of the thoughts of the morrow.

At last the next day came when Bunny had to be sent to Mr. Tiger to be his dinner. It was just the day before the old King Elephant was expected to be back. Though all their hearts were woe-laden, the animals rejoiced at the thought that in another day's time their master and friend would come back and gore that loathsome tiger with his tusks, as long as a man is tall.

Just the same, everybody felt sad,

Bunny's parents in particular. They just could not let Bunny go. But he was so brave that he did not shed a tear, nor did he allow his parents to cry. He sang and whistled as he left home at midday.

Instead of going to Mr. Tiger's at once, he loafed and loitered on his way. About one hour later, he came across a deep, deep well, way down in the ground. As he crept to its side and looked, he saw another rabbit there.



Of course he, being clever, knew that water too is like a mirror: in it you can see your own face. Bunny looked at himself in that well very carefully. He also noticed that the water was so far below that it looked like the end of everything. He said to himself, "If I fall there, I shall fall so far and so deep that it will kill me at once." With those words he crept away from the edge of the well. But just before he had done so quite, he whistled. Lo, from the well the echo of his whistling came back exactly as if another bunny were whistling from way down there.

Suddenly, a strange idea came into his head. He shouted, "I have it—I have it! No tiger can eat me now!"

With those words he ran to the house of Mr. Tiger. There Mr. Tiger was, yelling and shouting. He was very hungry, for it was long past dinner time. When Bunny appeared before him, he snarled and scolded fiercely. "Why are you late? What do you mean? Do you know that—"

"Yes, sir, I know," answered Bunny. "But what could I do when another tiger met me on my way here, and wanted to dine on me, saying that he is the real King of our jungle—not you."

"Who? How? What!" exclaimed Mr. Tiger, in utter amazement.

"Yes, sir. It was he who delayed me. He has sent me here to ask you to meet him," added Bunny.

"Meet him!" growled Mr. Tiger. "I shall meet him in single combat and kill him. After that, I shall eat you. Now show me the imposter."

"Thank you, sir," answered Bunny. "Now will you be kind enough to let me go ahead of you, sir, and lead you to him?"

"Get on, get on," snarled Mr. Tiger. The brute never noticed what a well-bred person Bunny

was. He was the very soul of politeness.

Bunny went on and on, as if he were on a road that had no end. Every now and then he nibbled at some grass. He needed food all right. But the wretched tiger, who ate only meat, did not eat any grass, so he grew hungrier, and more and more tired. He yelled, he grumbled, then swore, which was very rude. But Bunny was such a gentleman that he never stooped to notice Mr. Tiger's ill-bred utterances.

At last, unable to bear with it any longer, the monster shouted, "Where is that other tiger? If you don't produce him in five minutes, I will gobble you up."

"If you please, sir," answered Bunny, "he is right there, sir. Do you see that hole in the ground ahead? That is his home, dear Mr. Tiger."

"Don't you call me dear Mr. Tiger!" With that rebuke Mr. Tiger leaped right ahead. Lo and behold! Sure enough, he saw another tiger in that hole in the ground—but that hole was so deep, way, way down in the ground.

Bunny stood about six yards away from that hole. He knew that it was the old well. He also knew that the tiger was looking at his own self in the mirror of the water below.

But tigers are cruel, hence stupid. So, instead of thinking the thing out, Mr. Tiger, the moment he saw his own face down in that well, shouted, "You rascally tiger, you say that you are the King of this jungle! I say you are not. I will kill you!" He really thought he was talking to another tiger.

Of course the echo came up from way below, shouting the self-same challenge at him: "You rascally tiger.

You say that you are the King of this jungle! I say you are not. I will kill you!"

The tiger yelled again: "Do you dare mimic me?"

The echo



(Continued on page 429)

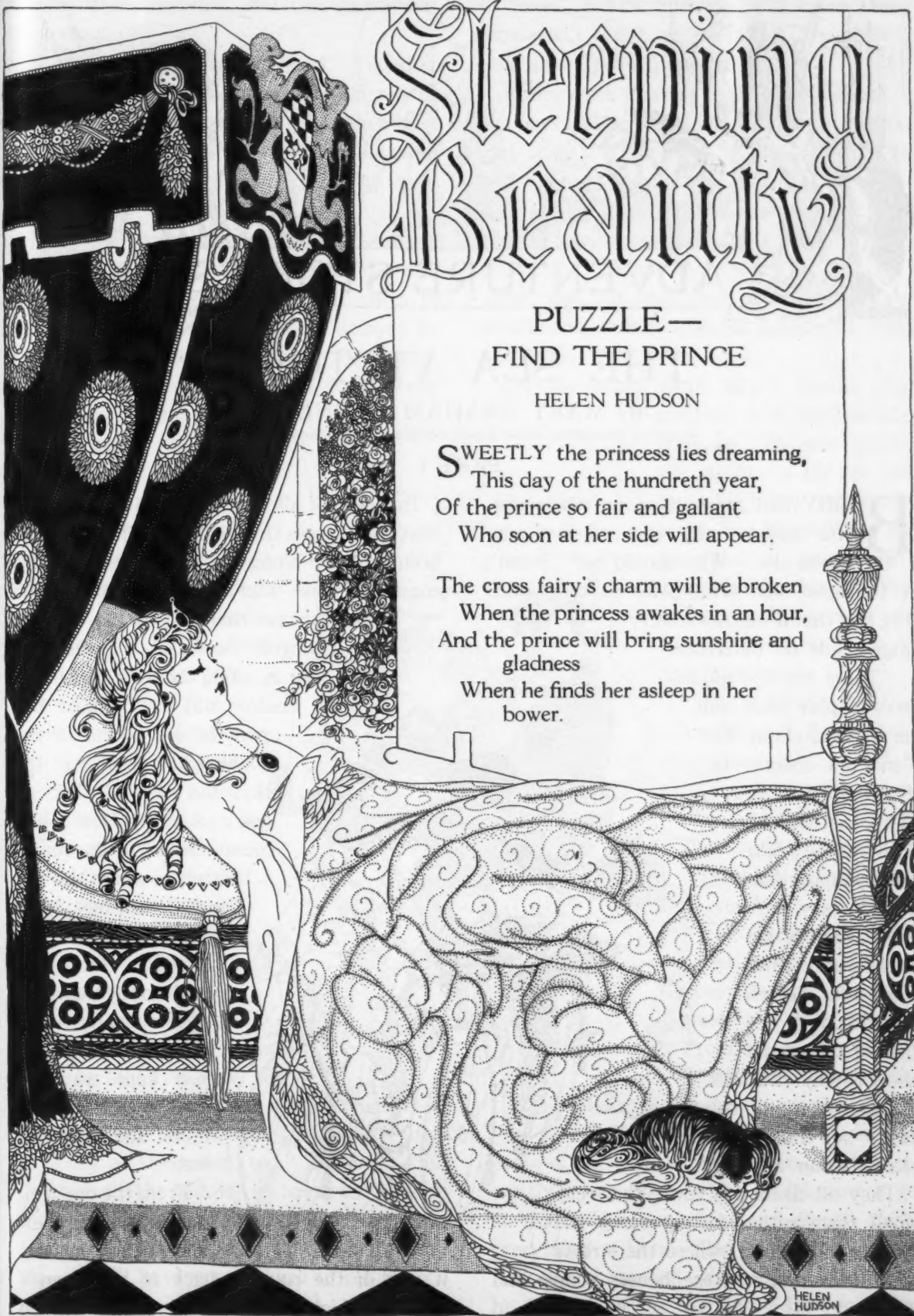
Sleeping Beauty

PUZZLE—
FIND THE PRINCE

HELEN HUDSON

SWEETLY the princess lies dreaming,
This day of the hundreth year,
Of the prince so fair and gallant
Who soon at her side will appear.

The cross fairy's charm will be broken
When the princess awakes in an hour,
And the prince will bring sunshine and
gladness
When he finds her asleep in her
bower.





THE SEA VICTORS

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

Author of *365 Bedtime Stories*, *Daddy's Bedtime Animal Stories*, etc., etc.

PART I

BOBBY had never lived anywhere else. Nor had he any wish to live anywhere else. Why should he? Wasn't it the most wonderful place in the world? The fact that it was not so very large made no difference.

"There are enough fellows to play with here," he told his chum Hal, "and our sisters are good sports too. Why, just look at Milly. She's four years younger than I am, but say, she's the best little pal in the world. And, I tell you, she can stand a lot of our teasing, too, even if she does play with dolls."

"That's right," said Hal, "but then we just tease for fun, anyway."

They all liked this town, this very small town rather far up along the Northeastern coast, where the streets were dirt ones, and the houses simple and homey.

But best of all they liked the sea—though next to that was the country. The town had been built up along the coast. And such a coast as it was—wild and rocky and wonderful, always changing as the weather changed! Bobby's home was quite far in, along the bank, but every window but one looked out upon the sea. Far in the distance the ocean met the sky, and beyond that no one could see. Bobby had often wanted to go out to that place where the sky and the sea met. His father had been out that far. But he had told Bobby that they didn't really meet there at all—you just kept traveling along over miles and miles and miles of water.

From the one window where the view was not of the sea,

it was of the country back of the town—country which led quickly into dense deep



forests, where squirrels and porcupines and birds lived.

Hal was Bobby's greatest friend. Together they rode their bicycles, together they went off on trips into the woods. Together they went trout fishing in the early spring, and together they went sailing in their own small sail boat.

They had a show that morning. Others were in it, but Bobby and Hal were the ones to get it up. If ever Bobby left town to seek his fortune, he had always decided he would like to be a funny man in the movies. Of course his dream had been to go away for a short time and to make a name for himself, so that all over the world he would be known as the funniest man of the films. And he would come back home soon—just to let them see that he was not spoilt.

He would be generous about tickets, too. "All boys under thirteen could see my pictures free of charge," he would say. "Older boys can make more money."

The morning of the show Bobby's excitement knew no bounds. For the first time he was to act the part of a funny man in public.

"Guess this town doesn't know what a funny citizen it has," he told Hal as he peeped out between the curtains and watched their village friends pour into their hayloft theater.

"Look at the crowd, too," exclaimed Hal. "About all the fellows in town are here to see you, Bob. And just look at the girls. I guess half the audience will have to stand up. You'll have your chance to get famous all right."

"Yes," Bobby answered, "I guess those kids won't laugh at me after this when I talk about going into the movies."

Bobby's act was the last on the program—the boys had decided to save it for the climax. But when the time finally came for him to play the part of a funny man, no one laughed. Every face was solemn and the audience looked its bewilderment. One small child piped up. "What is he supposed to be?" Then, and not until then, did the audience laugh, and Bobby made a hasty exit from the stage.

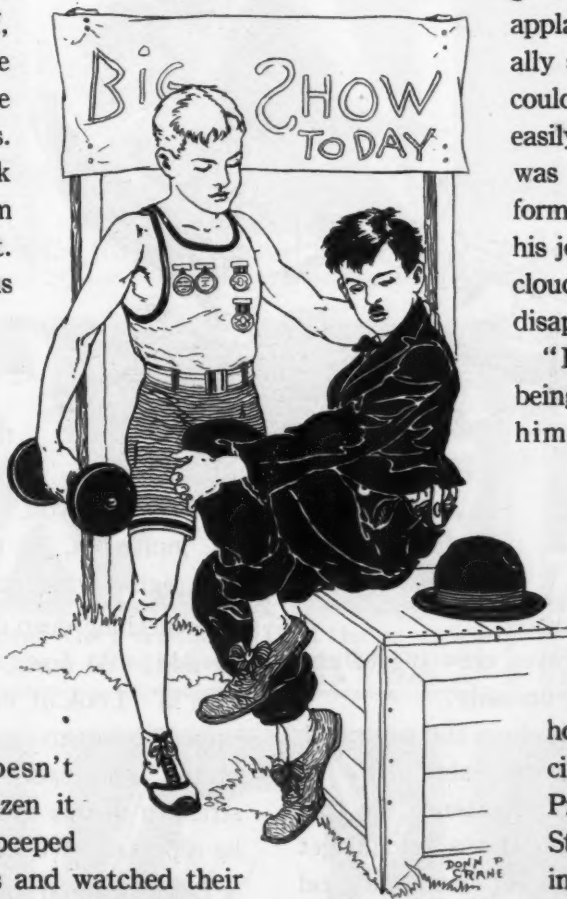
On the other hand, Hal's stunts were greeted with enthusiastic applause. He was unusually strong for his age and could lift heavy weights as easily as his father. He was also a skillful performer on the trapeze. But his joy over his success was clouded over by Bobby's disappointment.

"It's a hard job, this being funny," Bobby told him afterward. "I felt funny enough but it wouldn't do. I guess I won't go away to seek my fortune—just yet."

"Cheer up," Hal answered. "Your home town never appreciates you. Why even the President of the United States has to go to Washington to act the part of president. You never

heard of one of them staying home and painting their own house white, and letting it go at that. You get away and they'll think everything of you. They always do!"

Bobby cheered up after that. Once more he dreamed of the free passes he would give



away and of the laughs that would greet his picture wherever it was seen. Then he shrugged his shoulders and looked at his chum.

"Let's go sailing!" he suggested.

Hal agreed. "Since Jim can't take us for that hike, we might as well do *something*," he said, folding back his arms and gazing at the lumps of muscle there that were growing bigger and bigger.

It was a beautiful afternoon for sailing, when they started, warm and sunny, and with just enough breeze. They had been out some time before the wind began to shift. Then it began to grow dark rather suddenly.

"We'd better turn around now," Bobby said.

Hal nodded.

"I didn't know we'd been out so long," said Bobby.

"I guess we have," Hal said. "It must be way past supper time now. If we get home before it's pitch dark, we'll be all right."

But now the wind was taking control. The waves grew bigger and bigger. The sea rolled uneasily.

Bobby looked up at his chum and squirmed.

"We'll be all right," he repeated.

It wouldn't do to get frightened, he told himself. And it wouldn't do to let Hal get frightened. Now there was a chance, a good chance, to prove what sort of stuff there was in him. He shivered as he looked down at the angry waters around them. Then he lifted his head and tried to smile.

"We'll make it!" he said.

Hal was staring straight ahead at a pile of gray rocks that rose above the dark,

seething water. His face was set, and he made no answer.

They had been out in storms before, but there was something about this one—

"Let's make for Old Pete's Island!" Hal shouted suddenly, above the wind. "We can never reach home now!"

As he spoke, one wave drenched both the boys and tipped the boat far to one side, while another wave rolled their way, as though to bury them in one great watery swoop.

"Let's!" panted Bobby.

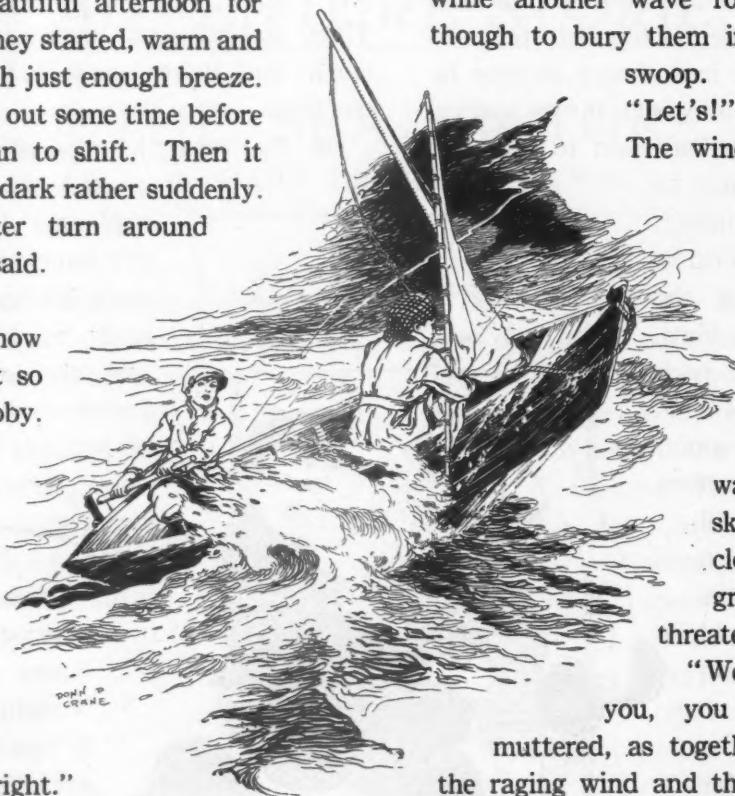
The wind's voice rose to a deafening howl as if to warn them that real danger lay ahead. The roaring, seething waves boomed over the boat, pitching her this way and that. And the sky seemed to draw closer and closer—all green and gray and threatening.

"We won't give in to you, you old ocean!" Hal muttered, as together the boys fought the raging wind and the sea.

Something deep down inside of him seemed to add: "At least, we'll do our best not to give in. Look at Bobby—he's keeping a stiff upper lip for my sake, and I guess I'd be a pretty bum sport if I couldn't show *my* strength in this show-down. Then, out loud he repeated "We *won't* give in!"

Bobby stared over at the island, which looked hopelessly out of reach. He said nothing. The rain was beating down on them now, almost blinding them. The boat was half filled with water. If only she would hold out until they reached that island!

(Part II of *The Sea Victors* will appear in the August issue of CHILD LIFE)





THE JOLLY J'S.

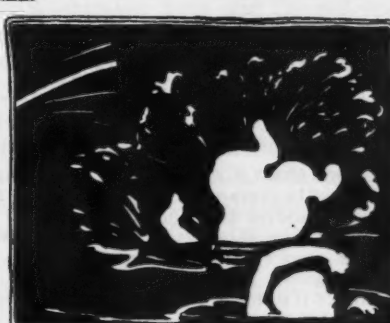
BY HELENE NYCE



Long time ago there was a diving board at the "ole" swimmin' hole



Johnny dove off it—



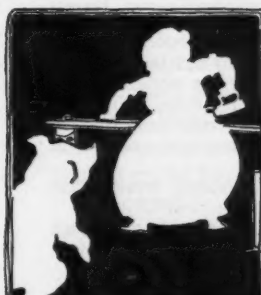
And Jock splashed in after him—Just as



Ma ran for Johnny to come draw the wash water



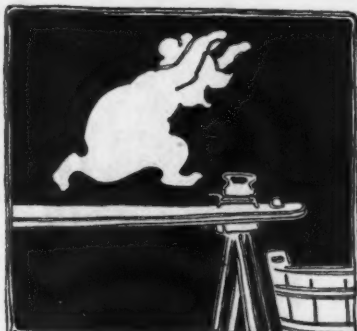
Home they trudged dripping & regretful



But there—under Ma's thumping irons—was a—



Perfectly good diving board—with it's swimmin' hole too!



Across the board he pattered when Ma left the room.



It MUST have been a diving board—it dove too—



And the swimmin' hole was HARD!



PLAYS AND PAGEANTS

THE GLORIOUS WISH

By FRANCES CAVANAH

MISTRESS BETSY ROSS, a beautiful young woman with powdered hair. The skirts of her becoming gown are full and her sleeves ruffled, and her dainty fichu is of lace.

PRUDENCE and MARTHA are eleven or twelve years old. They wear simpler frocks of flowered material, with white fichus and aprons.

RICHARD, HAL and STUART, about the same age and wearing the knee breeches and three-cornered hats of the period. They also wear bright-buckled slippers and long coats over white vests, with ruffles of lace. They wear wigs, tied with a plain, black ribbon at the back. These may be made of white wool crepe, with a cord, securely stitched in the center, forming the part.

CITIZENS, as many as you wish. They wear knee breeches, three-cornered hats and similar coats and vests. Some are dressed much more elaborately than others with lace ruffles on their vests and sleeves. The dresses of the women are less pretentious than the gown worn by Betsy Ross. Wigs may be made for the men by stitching wool crepe inside the hat bands, unraveling it and tying the loose strands together at back.

LADS and MAIDS, similarly but less elaborately dressed than Richard and his friends.

MINUTE MEN, three or more, wearing knee boots and rough shirts open at the throat. Over these they have sleeveless, vest-like garments of leather.

SCENE: The upholstery shop of Betsy Ross in Arch Street, Philadelphia, July 4, 1776. The room serves as both shop and living room. There are several pieces of heavy upholstered furniture, a spinning wheel and a counter to the right with bolts of upholstering goods and materials for draperies lying loose upon it. At back are large double doors, with windows on the side. A portrait of George Washington hangs in a conspicuous place upon the wall. When the curtain rises Prudence and Martha are discovered, diligently working their samplers.

RICHARD (*outside*): I vow that Mistress Ross will know, if any do.

[*They enter.*] Forsooth, Stuart, our sisters have hastened here before us.

PRUDENCE: Aye, that we have.

STUART (*as the boys find chairs*): Tell us, Prudence, doth Mistress Ross think the Declaration will be signed today?

PRUDENCE: Aye, that she does.

MARTHA: Alack! My father says the delegates will never dare to sign.

PRUDENCE: Your father, then, is no true Yankee, Martha.

STUART: 'Twas sharply spoken, Prudence, albeit 'twas spoken truly. Our father hath scant sympathy for those who oppose his king.

HAL: My father is as staunch a patriot as General Washington himself. Yet 'tis his belief that the delegates will be frightened to have their names writ to the Declaration.

PRUDENCE: Forsooth, Hal, they needs must sign. Mistress Betsy says—

BETSY ROSS (*entering from the street with her market basket on her arm*): Good morning to thee. Pray, what is it Mistress Betsy says?

[*The boys bow and the girls curtsy and then hasten to relieve BETSY of her shawl and market basket. There are greetings of "Good morning to you, Mistress Ross," "How fare you, Mistress Ross?" and "Good day, Mistress Ross."*]

RICHARD: We are sore perplexed, Mistress Ross. Some tell us that the delegates assembled here today



are frightened to sign the Declaration. Others, speaking in just as solemn a fashion, say that ere nightfall the colonies will have declared their freedom of the English crown.

HAL: I vow, Mistress Ross, it is hard to wait. Whereat we came to you as soon as might be. Perchance you can tell us if the delegates will sign.

BETSY ROSS: I must confess to no great liking for the delegates if they fail *now* to sign the Declaration writ with such care by our good Thomas Jefferson.

MARTHA: I heard my father say that the Declaration is a daring move and that if the Colonies meet with defeat—

BETSY ROSS: I vow, Martha, what strange conceit is this? 'Tis a daring move to sign the Declaration, aye, a dangerous move, but is not Mr. Franklin a daring man? Thomas Jefferson and John Hancock, too? Be of good courage, all of ye, my dears. They do not fear the British soldiery.

RICHARD: Then they can scarce keep from signing, can they, Mistress Ross?

BETSY ROSS: Aye, Richard, so I hope.

PRUDENCE: A dismal business, this waiting, Mistress Ross.

HAL (*looking anxiously out of the window*): My heart is heavy within me, aye, and will be, until we hear the old bell in the State House ring.

RICHARD: We can scarce bear the waiting.

BETSY ROSS: Forsooth, my dears, you're over young to make such a pother about politics. Be of good courage, if thou would'st hear a glorious secret.

MARTHA: About the Declaration?

MISTRESS ROSS: Nay, Martha. 'Twas but a few weeks past that I had three distinguished callers.

One of them was Colonel Ross, my late husband's uncle, another the Honorable Robert Morris. Can'st thou guess the third?

STUART: Nay. Prithee, who might it have been?

BETSY ROSS: The third was General Washington. [*There is a chorus of long-drawn "Ohs."*]

HAL (*returning from the window*): Good lack! I can scarce believe my ears.

RICHARD: General Washington was in this very shop?

MISTRESS ROSS: Aye, that he was; he sat in that chair yonder by the spin-



ning wheel. [*The boys make a dash for the chair, but RICHARD reaches it first. The others laugh good-humoredly.*] And can'st thou guess what General Washington asked of Betsy Ross? [*Chorus of "Nay, Mistress Ross," "We can scarce guess" and "Prithee, tell us."*] He

asked if I might make a flag for these United States.

STUART (*as the boys throw their hats into the air*): Bravo! A flag that *all* the colonies may use?

PRUDENCE: Prithee, what manner of flag is it?

BETSY ROSS (*opening a cabinet*): I'll fetch the design, my dears, made by an artist from General Washington's rough sketch. [*They crowd around her eagerly.*] See thou the seven red stripes and the six of white—a stripe for each of our thirteen colonies. General Washington hath said the red was for our mother country, while the white stripes in between proveth that we have separated from her. The thirteen stars in this field of blue stand also for the thirteen states.

RICHARD: Prithee, when will you make the flag?

BETSY ROSS: It is made already, lad, save for a few stars that needs must be stitched securely. [*Holding up the flag.*] See, I have basted the stars in a circle—one for each colony.

HAL: Which star is for Pennsylvania, Mistress Ross?

BETSY ROSS: Forsooth, Hal, I cannot tell thee. General Washington hath said to arrange the stars in the form of a circle, so that the states may be equal, none greater than the other.

MARTHA (*admiringly, as she examines the stars*): I vow, your stars are neatly cut, Mistress Ross, and five-pointed, too.

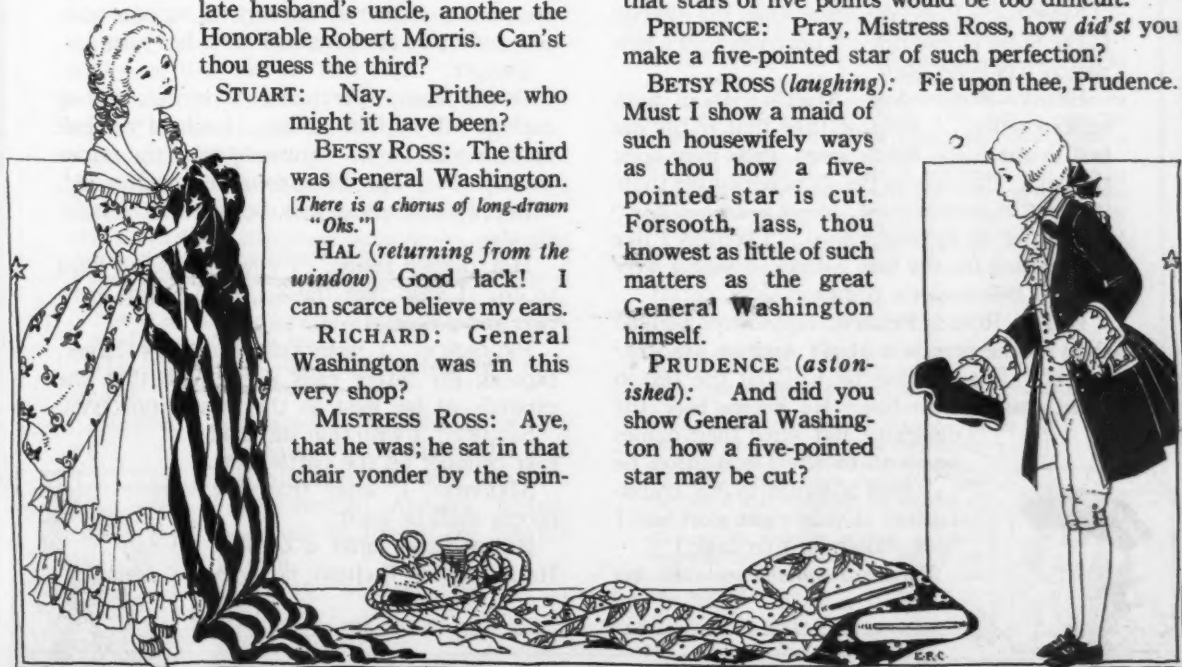
BETSY ROSS: General Washington's first design called for six-pointed stars. He was of the belief that stars of five points would be too difficult.

PRUDENCE: Pray, Mistress Ross, how *did'st* you make a five-pointed star of such perfection?

BETSY ROSS (*laughing*): Fie upon thee, Prudence.

Must I show a maid of such housewifely ways as thou how a five-pointed star is cut. Forsooth, lass, thou knowest as little of such matters as the great General Washington himself.

PRUDENCE (*astounded*): And did you show General Washington how a five-pointed star may be cut?



BETSY ROSS:
Aye, that I did,
and he laughed mightily. And
now I'll show
thee, too.

[*They crowd around
her eagerly, as she
folds a piece of
paper, gives a sin-
gle snip of her
scissors and holds
up a star.*]

STUART (*as
the others laugh*):

'Tis a star of
such perfection,
Mistress Ross,
I'll warrant it
must be Pennsylvania.

RICHARD: Prithee, Mistress Ross, may we
fly the flag?

[*BETSY ROSS begins work on the flag, while the girls turn
their attention again to their samplers.*]

HAL: Aye, Mistress Ross. Pray, let us be
the first to hoist the new flag of the Americas.

BETSY ROSS: Nay, lads, albeit I refuse thee
not of my own desire. The flag hath not yet
been approved by the Continental Congress.
'Tis the glorious secret I but promised thee
and to fly the flag where all might see—

RICHARD (*eagerly*): Mistress Ross, we need
not fly the flag in a public place. We can hoist
it here in your little shop and none need know.

STUART: And, Mistress Ross, we needs
must celebrate the signing of the Declaration.

MARTHA: Pray, consider, when the old bell
in the State House rings, it portends that a new
nation has been born.

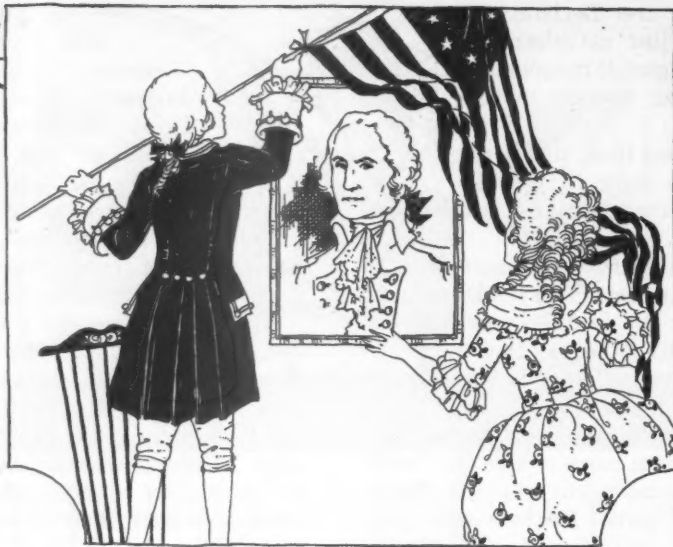
BETSY ROSS: Aye, Martha. thou hath
spoken truly. I promise thee that if the old
bell in the State House rings, thou may hoist
the flag. But only in the shop, remember thou.
[*Shouts of "Bravo, bravo!" and "Hurrah for Mistress Ross."*]

HAL (*at the window again*): I confess I like
not waiting for the bell. Alack, I wish I were
the old bell ringer's grandson.

BETSY ROSS: Prithee, Hal, why wouldst
thou be the grandson of old Andrew McNair?

HAL: 'Tis because he will tell the sexton
when to ring the bell. He loiters near the
delegates and when their names
are writ to the Declaration he
will give a signal to his grand-
father. I'd be right glad had I
been chosen for that task.

RICHARD (*unable to take his*



*eyes from the
flag*): Aye, but
I'd rather be
the first lad to
hoist the new
flag of the
Americas.

MARTHA:
So say I, too.

PRUDENCE:
Forsooth, Mis-
tress Ross, you
must choose
one of our
number for that
task. We needs
must know be-

fore the old bell in the State House rings.

BETSY ROSS: I am sore perplexed, my dears,
and must confess to no great liking for the task
you set me of deciding. It were seemly that
the one among ye with the noblest liking for
the Americas should be chosen.

HAL: All of us are patriots, Mistress Ross.
Eve' though Martha's and Stuart's father is
a Loyalist, they love the Cause no less than I.

BETSY ROSS: Aye, and 'tis high time that
I make a choice. [*After a silence.*] Perchance,
thou art acquaint with stories of the fairies.

PRUDENCE (*laying her sampler aside to listen
more closely*): Aye, that we are.

MARTHA: Master Brunnel of the Whitney
school has read us several tales of the tiny folk.

BETSY ROSS: Then thou knowest that they
are wont to gather at the christening of a prin-
cess and make pleasant wishes for her future.

STUART: Aye, that we do.

BETSY ROSS: Perchance, a princess among
nations will be born today. Each of ye shall
make a wish for *her* future, as were the fairies
wont to do. The one among ye, maid or lad,
whose wish is wisest may be the first to hoist
the flag.

HAL (*with a shout*): I vow, *that* is not hard
to do. I wish that these United States grow
rich and powerful.

PRUDENCE: I wish that she grow larger.
expand, my father calls it. I wish that she
expand—as far west as the Mississippi even.

STUART: I wish that she shall
ever conquer on the battle field.

MARTHA: I wish that her
people shall be good.

BETSY ROSS (*after a silence*):
Hath Master Richard no wish



for the new nation?

RICHARD: Aye, that I have, Mistress Ross, a wish so big that I scarce know how best to tell it. 'Tis that I want the new nation to be helpful.

BETSY ROSS: Aye, Richard. Helpful in what manner?

RICHARD: 'Tis because the Americas have such wonder and such greatness that I would have all the peoples in the world to know and love her.

STUART: Nay, Richard, all the peoples in the world cannot cross the waters.

RICHARD: 'Twas truly spoken, but many of them can. I wish that these United States be helpful and friendly to the peoples of the world who cross the waters and to the peoples who remain at home.

MARTHA: 'Tis not for the peoples of the world we make our wishes but for the colonies.

RICHARD (*appealing to MISTRESS ROSS*): Forsooth, Mistress Ross, it would need the eloquence of Patrick Henry to tell them of my meaning. But the text in church last Sunday set me a-thinking about the Americas when we no longer live.

BETSY ROSS (*kindly*): Perchance, thy meaning is "He who loseth his life shall find it."

RICHARD (*brightening*): Aye, Mistress Ross. And 'tis my belief that through her helpfulness these United States will prove most glorious.

[*The bell in the old State House begins ringing out the glad news that the Declaration has been signed. There is a moment's reverent silence in the little shop as the children stand and BETSY ROSS rises, the flag clasped to her breast. Then in the distance, but coming gradually nearer, may be heard the shouts of the people.*]

HAL: Hurrah! The Declaration has been signed.

MARTHA: There will be speeches before the old State House within the hour and parades that pass this way.

PRUDENCE: At last! At last, we shall be free of the English crown.

STUART: Aye, aye, we are

a nation now.

BETSY ROSS (*holding up the flag which she has tied to a staff by means of dainty ribbons*): Aye, and the nation's flag is finished.

RICHARD: Have you chosen one to hoist the flag?

MARTHA: Prithee, whose wish was wisest?

BETSY ROSS (*thoughtfully*): The new nation, like any little princess, must needs give her strength for a long time just to growing.

PRUDENCE (*trying to hide her impatience*): Aye, Mistress Ross, but who shall hoist the flag?

BETSY ROSS: All of ye, my dears, for all of ye are patriots; albeit the honor of raising the flag of the new nation for the first time needs go to Richard. 'Tis my belief that he hath forseen the true glory of these United States.

[*There are shouts of "Bravo!" "Mistress Ross is right," and "Hurrah for Richard." Reverently but eagerly RICHARD takes the flag from the hands of MISTRESS ROSS, climbs on a chair and fastens its staff behind a picture of General Washington. The boys give a military salute.*]

BETSY ROSS: Be of good courage, my dears. It but needs time for all thy wishes to come true. Perchance, Richard's shall come true the last of all, but its glory shall be the greatest.

[*The roll of drums is heard in the distance, and BETSY ROSS throws back the double doors at back that the children may see the people of Philadelphia passing on their way to the meeting in the old State House. The first to come are several Minute Men beating drums, and then follows a group of citizens, singing, "Ode to the Fourth of July." The next to come is a group of half-grown boys, singing "Yankee Doodle" and playing leap frog and tag in their excitement and then several lassies singing "Ballad of the Boston Tea Party." The children in the room grow more excited and join in the singing. Another group of citizens passes, singing the final song, "Liberty Bell, Ring On."*]

BETSY ROSS: Let us repair to the old State House for the speech-making.

[*The girls and BETSY ROSS draw on their gloves and hats and the boys take their hats in their hands. They follow the last of the citizens down the street, after BETSY ROSS has taken a huge bunch of keys from her bag and closed the door behind them. The grating of the key in the lock is heard and the roll of the drums and the ringing of the Liberty Bell gradually die away. The Liberty Bell rings constantly from the time it first proclaims the signing of the Declaration. During the singing and dialogue its ring is softened, at times becoming scarcely audible. But at all other moments its ring is clear and true and vibrant.*]



JEANNETTE'S FISH

By HENRY B. MASON

ONCE Jeannette caught a fish from the end of the pier. She caught him with a pin hook when he was only two inches long. At first she kept him in a glass bowl and there was room enough for him to swim around. She changed the water in the bowl twice a day to keep it fresh. When he began to grow, she scooped out a hole for him near the pump and kept it filled with water. He soon outgrew this pond.

Then Jeannette and her elder sister, Barbara, carried the fish in a net from the little pond to the big bay. The net belonged to their father. The fish was almost too heavy for the girls to lift, but they managed to do it. Jeannette tied the fish to the end of the pier with a thirty-foot string, so that he could swim about some but couldn't get away. Her father gave her the string. It was really an old fish line, light but strong.

Jeannette fed the fish with scraps from the table. When she bought candy at the Anderson store, she would give the fish a treat, gum drops or marshmallows. One time she gave him chewing gum but he couldn't manage gum

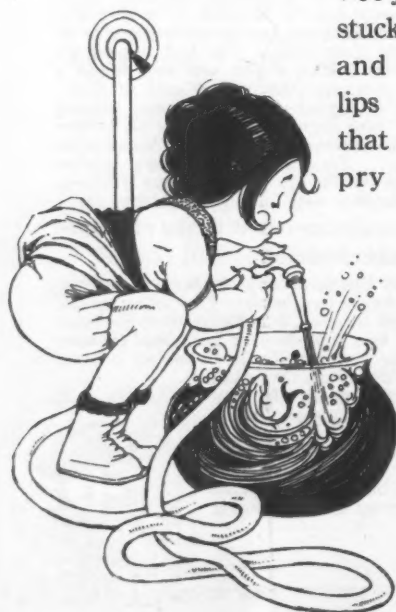
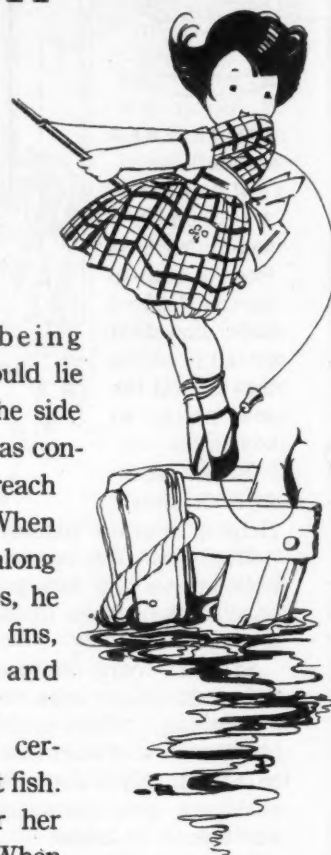
very well. It stuck to his mouth and pasted his lips together, so that she had to pry them open with a spoon when she came to feed him his next regular meal.

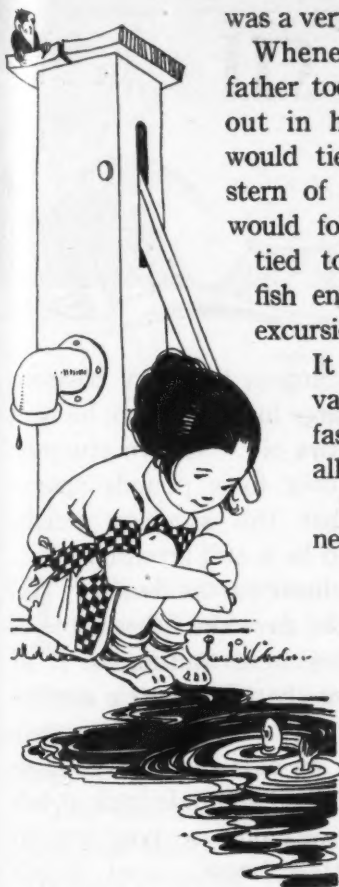
Jeannette scratched the fish's back for

him sometimes. She kept a fine-tooth comb for that purpose, between two boards in the pier. How he did enjoy being combed! He would lie in the water by the side of the pier, so it was convenient for her to reach down to him. When the comb passed along his back and sides, he would wave his fins, close his eyes and finally fall asleep.

Jeannette was certainly kind to that fish. He loved her for her goodness to him. When he was away from the pier as far as his string would let him, she had only to step to the pier and whistle and he would rush towards her like an affectionate dog. After a while he learned to wag his tail whenever he saw her. I don't think that fishes usually wag their tails but probably this fish learned to do so from seeing Jeannette's dog Patsy wag his tail. Animals learn a great deal from each other.

Patsy and the fish became great friends. Patsy often went in swimming with the fish. The fish taught Patsy a new swimming stroke. Patsy practiced it until he could swim almost as fast as the fish, twice as fast as dogs usually swim. In giving swimming lessons, the fish would move his fins in a certain way and Patsy would watch it and move his paws as near that way as he could. It was quite comical to watch the fish giving lessons to Patsy and Patsy trying hard to learn. Patsy





was a very good little pupil.

Whenever Jeannette's father took her and Patsy out in his rowboat, she would tie her fish to the stern of the boat and he would follow like a horse tied to a wagon. The fish enjoyed those little excursions very much.

It gave him more variety than to be fastened to the pier all day.

One time, Jeannette's father became tired of rowing because he had had a long pull and the waves ran high. Then what did that smart fish do but begin to pull the boat

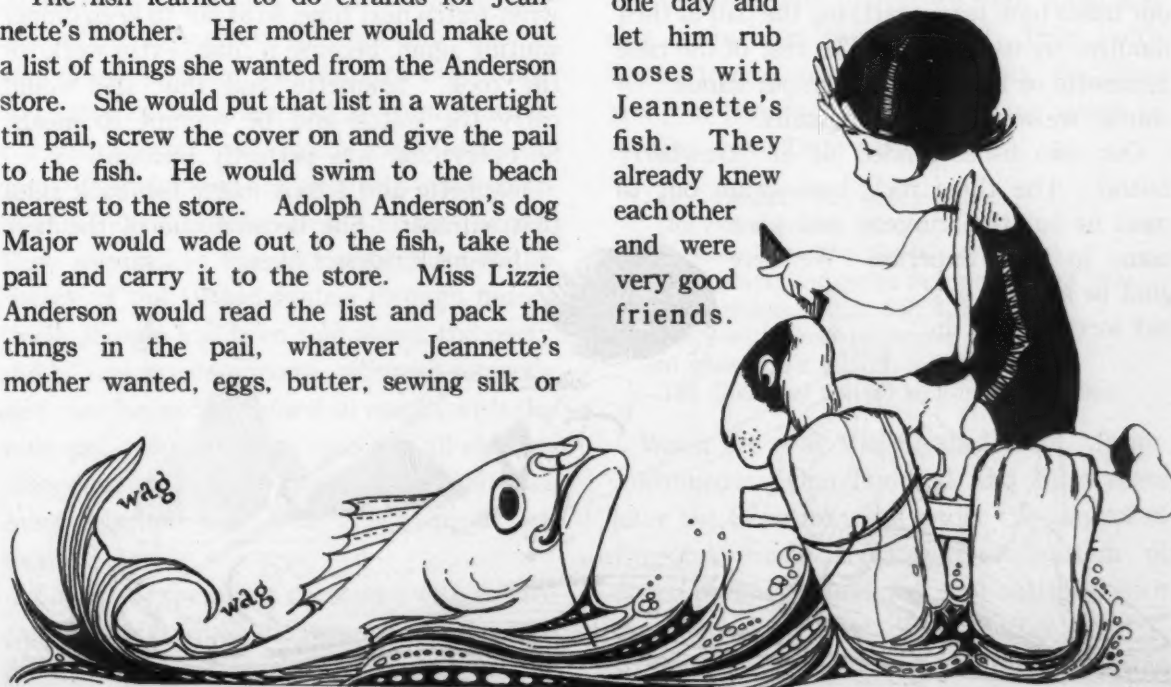
himself, while the father rested. The fish dragged the boat, with Jeannette and her father and Patsy in it, safe back to the pier.

The fish learned to do errands for Jeannette's mother. Her mother would make out a list of things she wanted from the Anderson store. She would put that list in a watertight tin pail, screw the cover on and give the pail to the fish. He would swim to the beach nearest to the store. Adolph Anderson's dog Major would wade out to the fish, take the pail and carry it to the store. Miss Lizzie Anderson would read the list and pack the things in the pail, whatever Jeannette's mother wanted, eggs, butter, sewing silk or

anything. Miss Lizzie was careful to screw the cover on tight. Major would bring back the pail to the fish, who was waiting for it. The fish would swim to the pier in front of Jeannette's house, proud and happy to make himself useful. Patsy would be waiting for him there. Patsy would trot from the pier to the house, carrying the pail, which the fish had brought to him. It was really wonderful to see that fish doing errands. He did it cheerfully too and was glad to go any time.

Jeannette let her fish give a little party one afternoon. He invited three rock bass from Strawberry Island and a Lake Superior sturgeon, who was visiting the bass. The refreshments were cream-of-corn soup, followed by lumps of sugar for dessert. Jeannette ladled the soup out of a soup tureen and poured it into the fishes' open mouths. She threw the lumps of sugar to them. They smacked their lips over the feast. The three rock bass and the sturgeon will never forget that party. The sturgeon told his relatives all about it when he swam back to Lake Superior. Fishes have a way of talking to each other. I know a few words of the fish language but not many. My own tame fish taught me. It is difficult to learn.

I rode my own tame fish to Jeanette's pier one day and let him rub noses with Jeannette's fish. They already knew each other and were very good friends.





Jeannette asked me to train her fish, so I shifted the saddle and bridle from my fish to her fish. Her fish learned right away. He didn't mind carrying me on his back one bit. He neither reared nor plunged nor balked but went along like a well-trained horse.

Jeannette clapped her hands at the sight and begged her mother's permission to ride the fish. Her mother was doubtful at first but when she saw how perfectly kind and gentle the fish was, she allowed Jeannette to take a fish-back ride. I made a nice saddle and bridle for Jeannette's fish out of pieces of an old leather traveling bag.

Then we planned a picnic. Jeannette's mother said that we might go. The cook put up roast-beef sandwiches, hard boiled eggs, pickles, cheese, doughnuts, and apples for us in the water-tight tin pail. Part of the way our fishes took turns, carrying the pail in their mouths, by its handle. The rest of the time Jeannette or I held the pail in our hands. Of course, we wore our bathing suits.

Our two fishes landed us at Strawberry Island. The three rock bass swam out to meet us but the sturgeon had gone home to Lake Superior. We were glad to see the bass but sorry to miss the

sturgeon. That sturgeon is a very pleasant young fellow and large for his age too; he isn't more than two years old. Grown sturgeon sometimes weigh over forty pounds apiece. I would judge that this sturgeon weighs twenty pounds, and he is still growing.

We ate our luncheon on the beach. You may be sure that we gave the fishes some of the luncheon. They were waiting for it at the shore. For fear that Jeannette's mother might feel a little anxious about Jeannette's first fish-back ride, we didn't stay more than three hours on the island and rode back at full speed, so that we were only an hour late to dinner at Jeannette's house. That didn't matter much, because the cook kept dinner hot for us. We had a good appetite for dinner—beefsteak and apple pie. Jeannette's mother did tell her that she must wear her wrist-watch next time, so as not to keep dinner waiting again, because it made extra work for the cook. Jeannette said that she would carry the watch and be prompt to meals. So everything was perfectly pleasant.

Jeannette and I took many fish-back rides that summer. She became one of the best fish-back riders I ever saw.





THE MUSIC CLUB'S FOURTH OF JULY

By GEORGE H. GARTLAN

Director of Public School Music of New York City

THE children were quite excited. The great Fourth of July had arrived and they had not made plans to celebrate.

"It's a shame that we can't have fire-crackers." Tommy's face showed his great disappointment.

"Just like a boy," and Lorraine laughed. "You just want to make a big noise."

Tommy's friends, Jack and Bill, however, agreed with Tommy, and seemed quite down-hearted, until Lorraine gave them the big surprise. It was a party—a real party—at the home of Little Bess. You will remember Bess as the little girl in the club who believed that music sings its way through everything that children do. Bess had an Aunt Marion, a school teacher, who loved music and children. Aunt Marion had planned a real Fourth of July celebration for Bess and her friends. They were all to learn something about the history of the United States, through music. Uncle Jerome had been told about the party and he had agreed to come, although someone said that he had promised to march with the veterans. However, the club was all excited. They hurried over to Bess's house and met Aunt Marion who was delighted to see them.

The music room was decorated with American flags and lovely flowers. Soon the children found seats, anxiously waiting for the

party to commence. Aunt Marion and Uncle Jerome came in together.

"Today we celebrate the birthday of the United States," said Aunt Marion. "You know, children, that before the Pilgrims came, the Indians lived here alone. About three hundred and four years ago, a band of sturdy, law-abiding, liberty-loving people sailed from England to the shores of a new country to find a home where they could live at peace with God and man. Their coming helped to make possible the great United States of America. To celebrate their arrival we shall stand and sing a fine old hymn tune." Then, with Uncle Jerome playing the piano, the little group of friends sang the following words to the melody of Duke Street:

O God, beneath Thy guiding hand,
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea,
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshipped Thee.
Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves,
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

When the song was finished Aunt Marion continued: "One hundred and fifty years later the Colonies, then under the control of England, made their first declaration of liberty. They could not feel satisfied with the political dictation of the mother country, so they asked for the right to be represented

in Parliament. When this was denied they raised the cry, 'No taxation without representation.' The English rulers—to make fun of the efforts of the Colonists—had a comic song composed, which was called 'Yankee Doodle.' It made fun of the young soldiers. But not worried by this, the clever Yankees accepted this tune as a challenge, and in 1776 used the music as a marching song of victory."

Then "Yankee Doodle" was sung by all the children:

Fath'r and I went
down to camp,
Along with Cap-
tain Good'in,
And there we saw
the men and
boys,
As thick as hasty
puddin'.

Yankee Doodle
keep it up,
Yankee Doodle
dandy,
Mind the music
and the step,
And with the
girls be
handy.

The singing was so spirited that people who were passing on the street stopped to listen. Aunt Marion was pleased and the children were delighted.

"Then came the war of the Revolution. It was a long hard struggle for liberty and the pursuit of happiness. There was a wonderful character in Boston at this time, and his name was Paul Revere."

"Oh," said Tommy, "I know about him."

"Tell us what you know," said Aunt Marion, and Tommy started:

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town tonight,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One if by land, and two if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Tommy hesitated, because he could not remember the long poem. Aunt Marion came to his rescue and finished the story.

"Now," continued Aunt Marion, "after the war of the Revolution the United States of America was formed. Our country enjoyed liberty for a short time when the political jealousy of the mother

country was aroused. When England and America could not agree another terrible war was started. During the war of 1812, Francis Scott Key, an American, was sent aboard a British warship in the harbor of Baltimore to see if arrangements could be made to exchange prisoners. Before he could return the battle started. It was an attack on Fort McHenry. Key was kept on board the British ship all night. He did not know whether the Americans or British were successful. He worried all night, fearful that his American compatriots were losing. Imagine how happy he was when, with the first light of dawn, he saw the Stars and Stripes still floating high over the fort! He was so delighted that he could hardly wait until he returned to Baltimore to write those wonderful words which



we shall sing after we have said the pledge."

Then standing up and giving the salute everyone recited,

I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States, and to the Republic for which it stands, one Nation indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for all.

After that the little group sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" better than they had ever sung it before.

Oh, how wonderful it sounded! When the excitement had passed, Aunt Marion continued.

"Years of peace followed and our great country developed, with little to hinder the growth of the nation. In 1861 the question of the right of the southern states to hold slaves brought on the Civil War. Thirteen states seceded from the Union. President Lincoln called every able-bodied citizen to 'Rally 'Round the Flag.'"

And our group of cheery singers, to an inspired accompaniment by Uncle Jerome, sang,

And we'll rally 'round the flag, boys,
We'll rally 'round the flag,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

Aunt Marion continued: "By a stroke of his pen President Lincoln declared all slaves free men when he signed the famous Emancipation Proclamation." And then Lorraine recited these beautiful words:

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword,
His truth is marching on.

When she had finished all the children sang the chorus:

Glory! glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! glory! Hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

Then Aunt Marion said, "Uncle Jerome, you tell us what has happened since then."

Uncle Jerome cleared his throat.

"For fifty years our wonderful country grew and developed. Immigrants from all nations came to our shores and enjoyed happiness and prosperity. In 1917 again came the call to arms. To give you some idea of the spirit that existed then we shall sing 'We march to Victory,' which

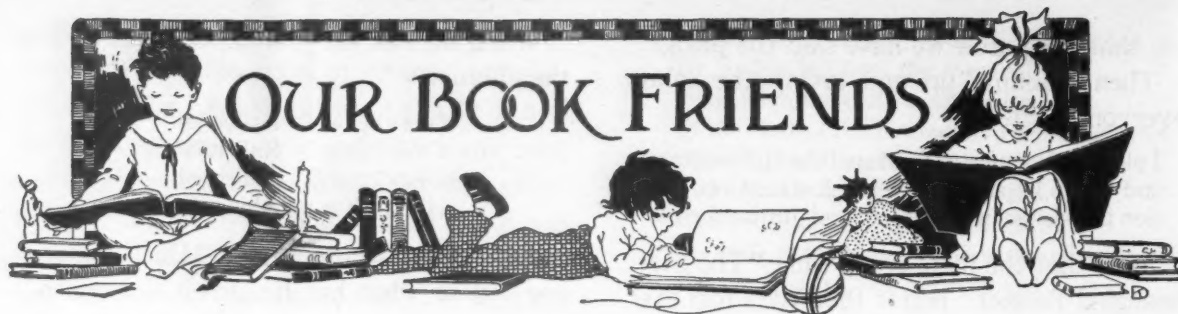
ends, 'And we put to flight the armies of night, that the sons of the day may greet Him.'"

Aunt Marion continued, "Peace reigns now. America turns her great energy to the development of commerce. We must love America; we must be Americans, wholehearted—first, last, and always. Sing with me, 'America the Beautiful.' " And to the dear old tune "Oh Mother, Dear Jerusalem" everyone sang:

O beautiful for spacious skies, for amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties above the fruited plain.
America! America! God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood from sea to shining sea.

The song celebration was over and that night when the stars came out, Lorraine's father set off the beautiful pinwheels, Roman candles, flower pots, and fireshowers. It was a real Fourth of July.





By AVIS FREEMAN MEIGS

Formerly Children's Librarian, Detroit Public Library
Present Librarian, Edison Junior High School, Long Beach, California

Friar Tuck and Little John are riding
down together

With quarter-staff and drinking-can and
gray goose feather;

The dead are coming back again; the
years are rolled away

In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the
break of day.

Alfred Noyes

IF YOU have read even a few stories of England you will agree with Sidney Dark, in his *Book of England for Young People*, when he writes that England has always been the home of brave men who loved laughter and honest dealing, who were kind to their neighbors, and who could not endure life without liberty and freedom. You will think at once of King Arthur and the chivalry for which he and his knights stood, of castles built of stone, of barons and their families, of squires and pages and fighting men.

Though it was many years later when an Englishman said, "England expects that every man will do his duty," we find the principle carried out long before the time of the great Lord Nelson. True loyalty was shown by *The Children of the New Forest*. The spirit which Roland Arnot, in *The Boy of the Lost Crusade*, displayed when he started out with an army of other children for Palestine, shows that French and English boys of those days could leave home if necessary and could be very cool in time of danger. The spirit of adventure and of unselfishness which carried Richard the Lion Hearted far away from England was found, at the same time, in the Island itself. We need only remember the story of *The Little Duke*, *Ivanhoe*, *The Canterbury Pilgrims*, or *The White Company*. You may not yet have read those stories or two other splendid historical tales, *Quentin Durward* and *The Three Musketeers* but we know that you will for in those books lives still much of the real glory of England.

And where were there ever men who loved laughter and fair play more than Robin Hood and his merry band of outlaws? In Alfred Noyes poem called "A Song of Sherwood" you have just a hint of the good times which went on in Merrie England. In *The Days of the Guild* and in *Masters of the Guild* you will find other 'stories of the days when castles were used as strongholds, when puppet players amused the folk in


the market places, and when knights and dames went adventuring.'

We do not want to forget the glorious days of Shakespeare and of Queen Elizabeth. Those were times of the Spanish Armada, of *Westward Ho!*, of *Ye Mariners of England*, of great inventions, and of *Master Skylark* and *Shakespeare and the Heart of A Child*.

Since not a little of the honor and the distinction of a nation depends upon the great men who have written books, painted beautiful pictures and invented things which add to the comfort and happiness of the people. I have tried to gather together for your reading some of the most famous English stories and a few of the best accounts of British adventure on land and sea.

TALES OF MERRIE ENGLAND

- | | |
|---|--------------------|
| <i>Book of England</i> - - - - - | Sidney Dark |
| GEORGE H. DORAN CO., NEW YORK | |
| <i>Boy of the Lost Crusade</i> - - - - - | A. D. Hewes |
| HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO., BOSTON | |
| <i>Children of the New Forest</i> - - - - - | Frederick Marryat |
| HENRY HOLT & CO., NEW YORK | |
| <i>Children's Book of Celebrated Pictures</i> - - - - - | L. M. Bryant |
| CENTURY COMPANY, NEW YORK | |
| <i>Great Inventors and Their Inventions</i> - - - - - | F. P. Bachman |
| AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY, CHICAGO | |
| <i>In the Days of the Guild</i> - - - - - | Louise Lamprey |
| FREDERICK A. STOKES CO., NEW YORK | |
| <i>Ivanhoe</i> - - - - - | Sir Walter Scott |
| DODD, MEAD & COMPANY, NEW YORK | |
| <i>The Little Duke</i> - - - - - | C. M. Yonge |
| DUFFIELD & COMPANY, NEW YORK | |
| <i>Masters of the Guild</i> - - - - - | Louise Lamprey |
| FREDERICK A. STOKES CO., NEW YORK | |
| <i>Merrie England</i> - - - - - | Grace Greenwood |
| GINN & COMPANY, CHICAGO | |
| <i>Merry Adventures of Robin Hood</i> - - - - - | Howard Pyle |
| CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK | |
| <i>Portrait Book of the Kings and Queens of Great Britain</i> - - - - - | T. L. Hare |
| FREDERICK A. STOKES, NEW YORK | |
| <i>Puck of Pook's Hill</i> - - - - - | Rudyard Kipling |
| DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., GARDEN CITY, N. Y. | |
| <i>Quentin Durward</i> - - - - - | Sir Walter Scott |
| CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK | |
| <i>Shakespeare and the Heart of A Child</i> - - - - - | Gertrude Slaughter |
| THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK | |
| <i>Stories from The Early World</i> - - - - - | R. M. Fleming |
| THOMAS SELTZER, NEW YORK | |
| <i>Story of Old Europe and Young America</i> - - - - - | W. H. Mace |
| RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, CHICAGO | |
| <i>Story of the Canterbury Pilgrims</i> - - - - - | F. J. H. Darton |
| FREDERICK A. STOKES, NEW YORK | |
| <i>Tale of Two Cities</i> - - - - - | Charles Dickens |
| COSMOPOLITAN BOOK CORPORATION, NEW YORK | |
| <i>Three Musketeers</i> - - - - - | Alexandre Dumas |
| RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, CHICAGO | |
| <i>Westward Ho!</i> - - - - - | Charles Kingsley |
| G. W. JACOBS & CO., PHILADELPHIA | |
| <i>White Company</i> - - - - - | A. C. Doyle |
| COSMOPOLITAN BOOK CORPORATION, NEW YORK | |



Mothers who know that nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha are careful to teach their little girls the value of Fels-Naptha Cleanliness.

Follow what mother tells you!

Of course you want to grow big and strong and healthy. Mother knows that Fels-Naptha Soap takes away the dangers of dirt from your little play-clothes, and makes them thoroughly clean and wholesome.

She knows that the real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes dirt let go quickly and safely. Ask her to tell you what naptha is. Then see how it makes the dirt come out in the washwater without hard rubbing.

That's why mother will tell you to wash clothes with Fels-Naptha when you grow up.

And you can have a lot of fun right now, playing washday and practising on your dolly's clothes with Fels-Naptha Soap.

We'll send you a little sample bar of Fels-Naptha, if you'll ask mother to write and send us a 2c stamp for it.

When you get it, ask your little girl friends to come over and have a washday party.



Real Naptha! You can tell by the smell.



The original and genuine naptha soap, in the red-and-green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient ten-bar carton.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

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THE TOYTOWN TATTLER

By Alfred Wideman



Price 4 Gumdrops

ARK ANIMALS VISIT CUCKOO

The folks with whom a fashionable dolly lives received a very fine cuckoo clock from Switzerland not long ago. The dolly in question is quite friendly with the animals in Noah's Ark, and on one of her visits to the old craft she spoke of the wonderful bird in the new clock. The animals were much interested, and the tiger suggested that a group of them call on the bird.

Old Noah said they could go and the party left the Ark, escorted by the dolly. Arriving at the house, they were led to the clock, the dolly explaining that the cuckoo's front door opened only once an hour, requiring much patience on the part of the visitors. The Ark dwellers gave all their attention to the little door as the clock hand reached the hour. They were breathless with



excitement at the sudden appearance of the little bird.

"How do you do?" said the lion, saluting with his tail. "How do you like Toytown?"

"Coo-coo!" shrieked the bird, and immediately retired, shutting his door very impolitely.

"Not very sociable," laughed the tiger. "Maybe in an hour he will feel better."

The animals passed the time exchanging stories with the doll, and were in the middle of a good jungle tale when the second hour arrived. When the bird appeared the second time, the lion repeated his polite salute, saying, "Good afternoon,

birdie! What do you think of Switzerland?"

"Coo-coo! Coo-coo!" laughed the bird, slamming his door rudely.

"Well, what do you think of that?" gasped the lion.

"I'll bet I can tell you what he'd say the third hour," grinned the elephant.

"What?" cried all the animals.

"Coo-coo! Coo-coo! Coo-coo!" sang the elephant sweetly, at which the other animals chased him furiously back to the Ark.

ENJOYING LIFE AT A NEARBY RESORT



Miss Pickellily Porkenbeenzer, a popular society doll of Toytown, sent us the above snapshot of herself and a friend enjoying the beach at Swimmalotty City, a fashionable resort not far from Toytown. Pickellily very kittenishly writes, "The twelve-haired bear in the picture with me is one of the fifty-seven varieties of friends who like to play fish with me in Lake Bubblebust." We envy the twelve-haired bear, for Pickellily is a charming child of chatty china.

TEDDY BEARS AND TALCUM POWDER

We wonder if you happen to know a Teddy Bear named Google. If you're acquainted with Teddy Google, it is impossible for you not to know Teddy Boogle, for they both live in the same house and always go together. Teddy Boogle looks so much like Teddy Google,

and Teddy Google so strongly resembles Teddy Boogle, that sometimes people become confused and think Boogle is Google and Google is Boogle, which of course makes Google feel Boogly and Boogle feel Googly!

One day last week a reporter from the "Tattler" called to interview the bears. Finding the front door unlocked, he walked in, which action, of course, would be impolite for anyone other than a newspaper reporter. The gentleman was greatly surprised to see one bear sitting on the floor, while the other, kneeling on the edge of a table, was violently shaking the contents of a can of talcum powder onto his delighted friend below.

"Whatever is going on there?" laughed the curious reporter.

"Oh—why—hello!" chorused the two bears, looking up in surprise.



"We were much too warm on this hot summer day," explained Google from his perch on the table, "so we thought we'd pour some snow on one another and cool off."

"But I feel warmer than ever!" grunted Boogle as a little hill of powder slid off of his nose and caused him to sneeze violently.

"I would respectfully suggest," said the reporter, "that you look at the rug."

"Golly!" gulped Google.

"Blooeey!" bellowed Boogle.

When the amused reporter made his exit he left the two bears violently beating "snow" off the rug with fly swatters.



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new
this summer**



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They cut down a jungle and planted rubber trees

IT WASN'T easy to do this. They had to cut down big trees and little trees and pull all the stumps out.

Then they planted the rubber trees. Miles and miles of them—all in rows!

The biggest rubber plantation in the world today is owned by the makers of Keds. It is on the Island of Sumatra and covers eighty square miles.

Here some of the finest rubber the world has ever seen is now grown. The soles of your own Keds shoes were made from this rubber. This explains why Keds wear so long—no matter how hard you play in them.

There are other reasons why Mother buys Keds for you besides the fact that Keds are made to wear longer. For instance, they have a special "inner sole" that helps to keep your feet cool when you play on the warm pavement in the summertime.

This is an important point to remember—that all canvas rubber-soled shoes are not Keds. Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. If the name Keds is not on the shoes they're not real Keds. Real Keds wear longer and are more comfortable.

There is a special Keds Hand-Book for Boys, and another one for girls. They have all kinds of interesting things in them; rules for games, talks on camping and many other things. Either sent free. Address Dept. 222, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

United States Rubber Company

Keds

They're not Keds unless the name Keds is on the shoe.



A sturdy athletic-trim Keds model—built to stand the hardest wear.



An attractive Keds model for general wear all summer long.



WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO

Number XIV

By RUTH BRADFORD

DID you ever spend *your* Fourth of July in the Arctic Regions? We do—it's a family habit of ours—and we love it. You see, we all call this part of the world our home because we were all born here. And our children are born here, too. And every year we come back here for a ten weeks' summer vacation on the Arctic Coast.

I'll have to admit that we come quite a way, too, for our winter home is way down south in the south part of South America! From September to March we stay down there in the prairie regions of Argentine. Then we begin to feel restless—sort of spring feverish—and then we remember it's time to start for our summer resort. We go there by way of Texas and the prairies of the Mississippi Valley. We find lots of juicy bugs and other tempting insects along the way, so that our long trip is really a very pleasant one.

Well, by June we are back in a latitude of 81 degrees—if you know where that is. In August we are enjoying a feast of crowberries in Labrador. Yum, but they're good! Soon it's time to go back South. My, but we hurry! We fly both night and day and make but a few short stops at Nova Scotia and the beautiful Bermuda Islands and the Antilles. This time, you see, we take a real sea voyage and fly about twenty-four hundred miles over the water before we even reach the northern coast of South America!

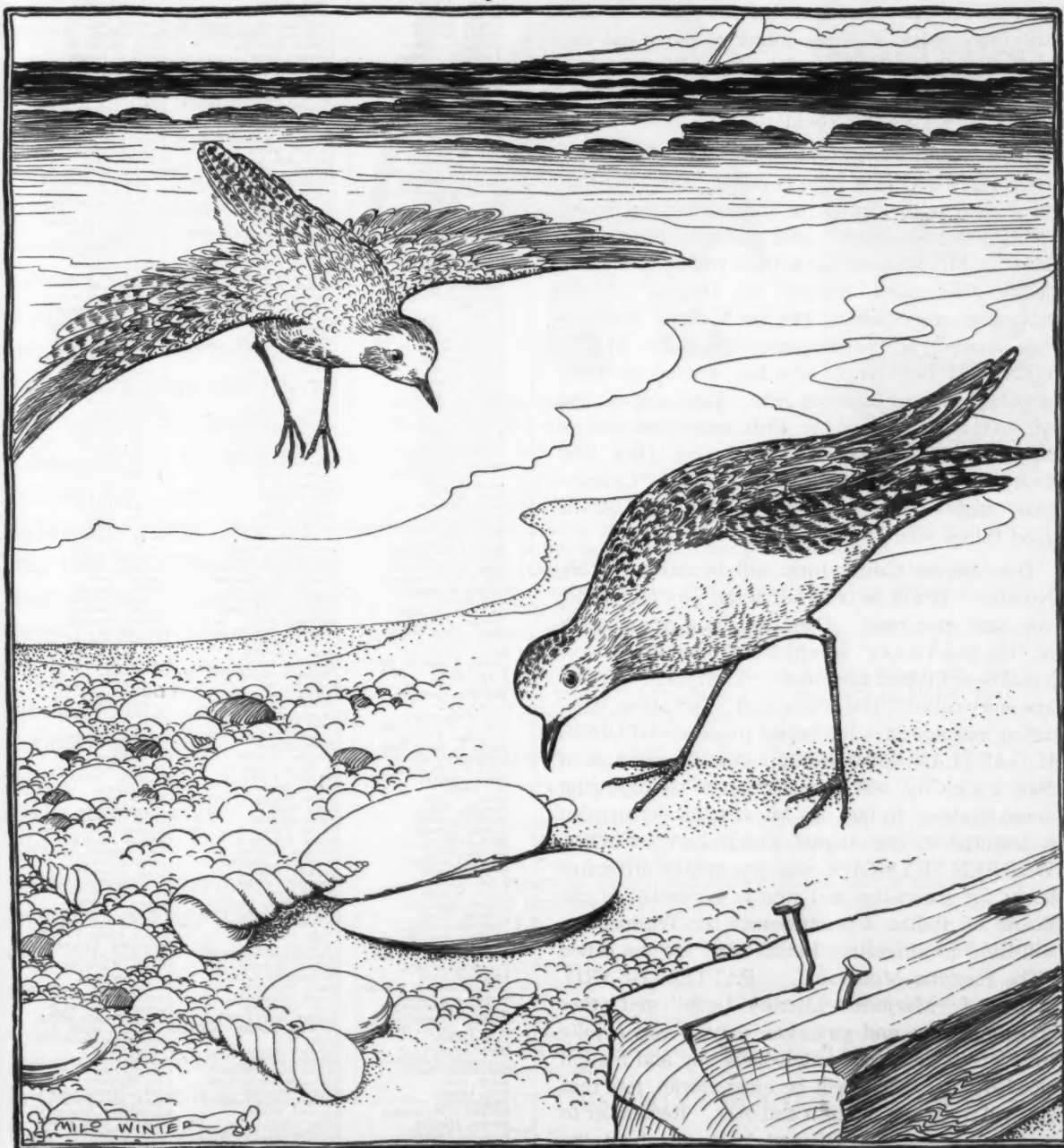
Pretty good trip for a plump little shore bird that isn't even twelve inches long! Don't you think so?

I suppose you've noticed my short pigeon-like bill. It's so short that I can't dig with it for food in deep muddy places. So I generally feed in the uplands. And you've noticed, too, my slender legs and my prettily colored spots. Haven't you? And while I am strutting, I might as well mention my beautiful long grown-up name—it's CHARADRIUS DOMINICUS. But you had better guess my everyday one!



WHO'S WHO *in the* ZOO

Conducted by RUTH BRADFORD



NUMBER FOURTEEN

Dear Children: Read about me on the preceding page, **guess my name and color me in my really truly colors.** Then send **before July 12** to Ruth Bradford, CHILD LIFE, Rand McNally & Company, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill. Be sure to send

your **name and age and address** with your page.

The best page and answer by a girl wins a prize, and so does the best page and answer by a boy. The boys and girls who do the next-best pages and answers are listed on our Honor Roll.

WHO'S WHO IN CHILD LIFE

ISN'T CHILD LIFE full of Fourth of July fun? Our first Joy Givers have the place of honor this month, but you others may find your picture or contribution tucked in some corner of our usual club rooms in the back of the magazine. We have used just as many of your pictures, and stories and letters, as we possibly could!

This month we welcome to CHILD LIFE DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI, who is called "the New Kipling" and is the author of those delightful books, "Kari, the Elephant" and "Jungle Beasts and Men." Mr. Mukerji has written you an interesting jungle tale called "Bunny the Brave." A real adventure story called "The Sea Victors" begins in this number of the magazine. It is by MARY GRAHAM BONNER, who has written so many popular books for boys and girls. Then you will find Mr. Mason's very funny Fish story and one of MARGARET WARDE'S interesting Dick and Dolly stories and HELEN WING'S jolly "Celebration," and— But read every page and find all the good things yourself!

Our August CHILD LIFE will be an All Story Number. It will be brim full of the very best stories you have ever read. There will be a new chapter of "the Sea Victors" in which Bobby and Hal have a real desert island adventure. Then there will be a fine story called "The China Doll"—all about fascinating long ago days and buried treasure. GEORGE H. GARTLAN, supervisor of public school music of New York City, will have another of his delightful music stories. In fact our Music Land department is featured in the August CHILD LIFE. FLORA WARREN SEYMOUR, who has written attractive books for grown-ups and who is a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners at Washington, will have an interesting Indian story for you called "The Sleeping Mountain." PATTEN BEARD, author of "Marjorie's Literary Dolls" and other books for boys and girls, has written you a jolly story about an honest-to-goodness boy and his full blooded cur. There will be other stories, too, that you will read over and over and over. Remember to read pages 437 and 440 and learn all about the CHILD LIFE contests, so that you, too, can win one of the many prizes!

WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO MAY COLOR CONTEST

SOLUTION

Cardinal: Color, bright red.

WINNERS

MARTHA JANE TODD, 29 W. Liberty St., Springfield, Ohio, Age 10.
JOHN R. McINTOSH, 64 Alexandra Blvd., N. Toronto, Ont., Canada, Age 9

HONOR ROLL

Abbot, Eleanor	Clark, Helen	Edmunds, Ruth
Achuff, James	Chandler, Susan Letitia	Evans, Genevieve
Alken, Bernice	Cunningham, Marjorie E.	Eatman, Billy
Alcock, Ben, Jr.	Culbreath, Virginia D.	Ellis, William
Alexander, Betty	Conner, Herman	Estey, Harold W.
Anderson, Marion	Chester, Ruth	Ebert, E. Louise
Andrews, May	Calhoun, Hurtle Clair	Fulter, Patricia
Annan, Herbert	Carpenter, Carolyn	Frederick, Ruth
Ambelang, Carlisle	Carter, Anne	Punk, Mary Ellen
Amnden, Thelma B.	Currier, David F.	Polts, Ruth
Ault, Marjorie	Campbell, Eleanor K.	Frisbie, Jeannette
Auman, Gwendolyn	Clark, Frank	Fitch, Mildred
Adamson, Robert	Crook, Vivian	Findo, Virginia
Atwan, Alphonse	Coristine, Alison	Findo, Betty
Anderson, John	Church, Glenn	Fink, Marlon
Atchearn, Donald	Clark, Alberta	Furman, Alice
Altshel, Adele	Caldwell, Elizabeth	Forkum, Dehner
Adams, Lorraine	Coughenow, Harriet M.	Flanagan, Dorothy
Aldridge, John West	Collins, Sylvia	Ford, Frank
Adler, Marjorie	Cottrell, Jennie	Freiberg, James M.
Austin, Gladys S.	Conner, Margaret W.	Fry, Jane
Arnold, Alaina	Conlan, Mary	Fraser, Ruth Marie
Anderson, Elizabeth W.	Crosbie, Midge Helena	Glasgow, Elsie
Arnold, Betty Jean	Collyer, Miriam	Fink, Barbara Mae
Buck, Betty	Crampton, Marion	Furcht, Lorraine
Bluthardt, Marion	Cowling, Frances	Fulton, James B.
Brimer, Alice	Cashman, Selma R.	Feren, May E.
Bernstein, Bernice	Clymer, Everett	Fairchild, Jane
Biesecker, Vivian	Crawford, Ruth	Freeman, James S.
Bell, Betty	Connally, Richard	Flacus, Caroline L.
Brydon, Louise	Cantile, Celia	Faxon, Hazel L.
Beckman, Marit	Creed, Dorothy	Foster, Grace Marie
Bradley, Joseph	Christian, Bobbie	Flak, Helen
Blair, Evelyn	Cottrill, Jean Elizabeth	Fulton, Elsie
Beals, Bettina	Clark, Myrtle Lily	Frederick, Phyllis
Brewer, Robert	Cardwell, Hazel	Fitzgerald, Irene
Burch, Betty	Casoy, Mary Louise	Floyd, Dorothea
Bowler, Virginia	Cornwell, Florence	Gardner, Mary E.
Botwinik, Norman	Crita, Frances	Gregory, Jean
Bernstein, Edith L.	Cespek, Elizabeth Ann	Gibson, Jane
Chanbeck, Alexandra	Chamberlain, Barbara	Grobber, Jane
Brown, Louise	Clarke, Marjorie F.	Gerard, Eleanor
Beck, Clarence	Cunniff, Catherine	Garver, Virginia
Burkhardt, Anabel P.	Cloudman, William	Griffin, Billy
Bedford, Dorothy	Cottrill, Elizabeth	Glasgow, Sue Fullerson
Bynum, Hugh Otis	Carter, Lillian	Greiser, Robert
Brewer, Juliet	Clapham, Jack	Gessley, Katharine L.
Beck, Alfred	Cole, Marian	Gray, Lucia Vann
Bunde, Jonnie	Clarke, Doris	Getter, Robert L.
Bundick, Anne	Cadden, Helen	Gearen, Helen
Brown, Gwethalyn Graham	Crider, Harvey, Jr.	Gelhard, Ruth
Boyd, Nancy	Curtis, Alfred A.	Gelpie, Webster
Baies, Carol Louise	Clearwater, Robert	Goodwin, Lillian
Boostrom, Lorraine	Carney, Lois A.	Gallagher, Billy
Botta, Kathryn Jane	Chivers, Gyle Ainsley	Foreman, John
Bell, Elmor Prescott	Councilman, Halstead	Ginder, Grove
Boman, Katherine	Cutting, Elizabeth	Guthrie, Jeanne
Ball, Robert E.	Clarke, Catherine W.	Guttinger, Aileen
Biddle, Ruth Anna	Call, Evelyn Marie	Gouart, Dorothy A.
Brown, Kenneth	Cogswell, Mary	Gregory, Susanne
Bailey, Ruth Dexter	Casseday, Eileen	Gore, Emily
Birmingham, Roberta	Crabb, Jimmie	Gibson, Catharine
Burns, Lillian	Clark, Meredith	Geiston, William
Burns, Elizabeth Balfour	Danels, Alice	Garet, Alice
Blynn, Doris	Dennis, Joseph Arthur	Greif, Emily
Brunk, Mary	Dowling, Joe	Groff, Mary Katherine
Bowman, Gertrude	Dennis, Jean	Gorman, Janice
Brown, Billy	Delano, Margaret	Gottman, Virginia
Bauman, Carolyn	Daugherty, Hannah	Goldsmith, Dorothy
Rishop, Dolores Lytle	Doug, Lucia Emily	Grube, Lorna
Burman, Alvin Arthur	Divinsky, Mary	Gosinger, Louise C.
Bartelme, Mary Jean	Diver, Alice A.	Gill, Erwin S., Jr.
Barthmaier, Margie	Dougan, Dorothy	Gillen, Helen
Boyd, Ernest R., Jr.	De Sanno, Helen D.	Gilman, Louise
Bell, James	Du Fon, Mabel	Gogolik, Charles
Bly, Betty	Dennell, Betty	Gets, Jane C.
Baker, Phyllis	Duffie, Myra	Griffin, Gus
Bertram, Helen	Davy, Ruth	Gay, Audrey E.
Birnbach, Almee	Denny, Dorothy	Gillam, Mary Jo
Beedle, Lorraine	Davies, Viola	Gammell, Emma Jane
Burt, Jean	Dunts, Frances J.	German, Janet R.
Boydin, Betty	Dickson, Eleanor	Gray, Stephen
Burdick, Dora	Dougherty, Beatrice	Haubert, Gwen
Bess, Margaret	Doherty, Martha	Hatch, Helen Mary
Baird, Le Roy	Deosposito, Virginia	Hall, Bianca Randall
Baker, Maxine	Duvall, Clyde	Haupt, John L.
Barber, Doris	Doane, Helen Clara	Hanson, Maurine
Burgess, Hazel	Durrell, Carleton, Jr.	Hillman, Elizabeth
Bescham, Edwin	Dieffenbach, Jeanne	Hoffman, Marjorie L.
Birkholz, Donald	Dryer, Marion	Handy, Chaille Virginia
Blatchley, Myrtice A.	De Graw, Helen	Haverstick, Palmyre J.
Boehmer, Lolo Marion	Des Enfants, Florence	Hall, Barbara
Bueschlich, Rose	De Foy, Zamora	Hyland, Raymond
Brannard, Ruth	De Sausure, Betty	Head, Elizabeth
Burns, Elizabeth Virginia	Dakin, Margaret	Hartley, Jack
Butler, Joy Elaine	Dyson, Elizabeth	Hamblen, Hope
Burns, Fred Arthur	Diehl, Elizabeth	Hermsted, Conrad E.
Burkhart, Geraldine	Diesner, Mary Louise	Holden, Juliana Selden
Ballard, Lavina Irene	De Witte, Helen	Havokette, Louise A.
Bower, Ruth	Duty, Billy	Hanson, Nelson Bertram
Beyler, Betty	Eaddy, Carolyn	Hebard, Peggy
Bockmann, Frederic	Eckhart, Helen	Haley, Adele J.
Burkhalter, Jane	Elliott, John Collins	Hay, Margaret
Berry, Don	Eccleston, Emmy Lou	Heaton, Nancy Alice
Brill, Lionel	Emilio, Vittorio	Hirsch, Margaret
Bess, Essie	Engel, Geneva Dorothy	Hillmeyer, Eleanor C.
Ballard, Olive Barker	England, Helen	Hendrick, Mary Edith
Barnes, Martha	Edgar, Carol	Heely, Louise
Buckley, Pauline	Edredge, M. Louise	Harbord, Henrietta H.
Brown, Walter C.	Emerick, Carol	Harvey, Donald P.
Bliss, Ethel	Emery, Mary Alice	Harper, Jane
Bagby, Mary Lou	Ertzinger, Eloise	Herricks, Mary Elizabeth
Brosch, Mildred	Eurich, Martha Frances	Hendershott, Mary F.
Barnes, Tom	Etter, Esther	Hopp, Loyce
Boatwick, Muriel I.	Englehart, Phyllis	Hendrick, Mary Elizabeth
Boyd, Rowena	Ellis, Sarah	Hopkins, Aileen
Bull, Amy	Elliott, Edith Ann	Hall, Marjorie
Barwood, Miriam	Edward, Marion	Hoffman, Helen
Bacon, Glendora	Ellenberger, Mildred Louise	

(Continued on page 451)

BUNNY THE BRAVE

(Continued from page 406)

shouted back at him: "Do you dare mimic me?"

Mr. Tiger shouted anew: "You coward, I will kill you where you are!" Then he jumped! Lo, instead of coming upon another tiger, he fell through a long empty hole—oh, so long—into a deep, deep body of water, which had hardly any bottom at all, it was so deep.

Now that he had succeeded in killing Mr. Tiger by letting him drown himself in that well, Bunny went home to bring the good news to his parents.

He reached home just at sunset. His parents were so surprised to find him alive, that they could hardly believe their eyes. Tears of joy danced in them. Mother Rabbit said, "Where is the tiger, my Bunny?"

Bunny answered, "I killed him!"

His mother said, "You are joking."

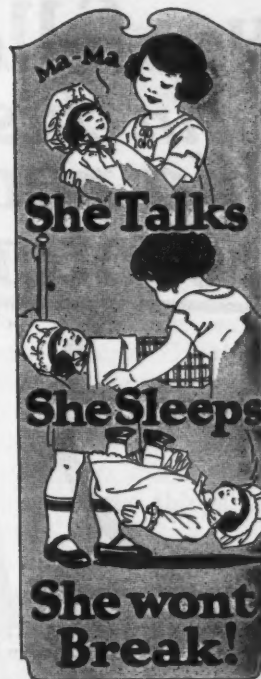
But Bunny, who never spoke an idle word, said, "Come with me, and I shall show you his corpse."

It was not only true that the tiger was dead and afloat in the well; but it is also true that when the King Elephant returned the next day and heard it all, he christened that little rabbit—"Bunny the Brave."

"Can I Play With You This Summer?"



She is three inches higher than the seat of a big chair—and you can make her walk.



Just think! this doll is as big as a baby sister. You can have the best time taking her to your tea parties and playing with her without fear of hurting her—for she is non-breakable.

You can take off and put on her pretty patent leather slippers, silk stockings, organdie dress and bonnet that just matches, and petticoat and undies.

She never, never cries but she says, "Ma-ma" to you very sweetly.

You can put her to bed and she closes her big blue eyes. She has the prettiest brown bobbed hair. You can even make her walk. And she can be your very, very own.

How you can make this doll your very own—without cost

Just go to the mothers of your playmates and tell them about CHILD LIFE. Take this copy along and show them all the things that give you such a good time.

Tell them about Pudgy and Funny Bunny and Who's Who in the Zoo, and how you make up the cut-outs. They want to know, too, about "Little Artists," "Good Citizens' League," "Joy Givers' Club," and particularly about "In Music Land," if their little girls are taking music lessons.

They will see the fun it will mean to their little girls to have CHILD LIFE to read and will give you a subscription. Mother, too, will gladly help you in getting subscriptions from her friends.

Send us just four yearly subscriptions other than your own and the \$12.00 you have collected and your address, and we will send the doll by parcel post the day we get your letter.

— SEND IN THIS ENTRY BLANK RIGHT AWAY —

CHILD LIFE, Dept. D6
536 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Yes, I want that great big beautiful doll. Tell me more about how I can win it and send me order blanks right away.

Your name.....

Street Address.....

City..... State.....

**Hey fellers
win this
big red
Scooter**



SCOOTING is great sport! It develops big muscles! Helps you grow to be a big healthy man! Think of the fun you will have flying down the street!

Did You Ever Hear of Such a Fine Scooter?

This fine scooter is painted in a shiny bright red. It has big 8 inch disc wheels with rubber tires, just like the finest automobiles you see. There is a mud and safe-

ty guard on both wheels. Strong steel construction throughout, except the varnished wood handles. Win this and you will have the finest scooter on the street.

How You Can Win Your Scooter

Just get four new subscriptions for **CHILD LIFE**, other than your own. **CHILD LIFE** costs only \$3.00 a year. The mothers of four of your friends will gladly give you their subscriptions when you show them what a fine magazine **CHILD LIFE** is, and tell them how much fun you have reading it and about the fine scooter which you are going to win.

SEND IN THIS ENTRY BLANK NOW

Write your name on this entry blank, tear it out and send it in. We will write you a letter telling you how to easily get the four subscriptions and we will send you order blanks.

Tear
out and
send in this
Entry Blank

CHILD LIFE,
536 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Yes, I want to win this fine scooter. Tell me how and send me order blanks right away.

Your name.....

Street Address.....

City.....

State.....

ON INDEPENDENCE DAY

(Continued from page 402)

"Because you didn't start right," explained Mother. "Dolly knew she shouldn't go fishing alone, but she forgot. You knew you must always look after Dolly, but you were thinking too much about independence. Next time you want to be independent, be sure first that you are right."

"Oh!" said Dolly.

"I see," said Dick. "I'm sorry, Dolly."

"I'm sorry too," said Dolly.

"And now," said Mother, "you two scamper off and be just as independent as you want to, and just as quick as you can, about getting into dry clothes. Because supper is all ready, and there's going to be ice cream."



BOISTEROUS CHILDREN

HELEN FRAZEE-BOWER

POOR Grandpa Ocean has a time To make the waves behave:

They always run away from him
And hide in some dark cave,
Or climb upon the rocks and play
At tossing balls of foam—
Each day they're up to some wild trick
And simply won't stay home.

Sometimes they try to sneak away
And stay out on the shore;
But Grandpa always misses them.
Then he begins to roar
And thunders up across the beach
With such severity,
The timid waves just hang their heads
And hurry back to sea!



Parents' Page

Conducted by HELEN B. PAULSEN—*The Mother Goose Lady*
and Judge John Doe

Dear Judge:

I'm the old woman who lives in a shoe. I have so many children I don't know what to do. And now it's vacation time and I have the neighbors' children, too. Can you tell me what to do?

Yours very truly,
The Mother Goose Lady

Dear Mother Goose Lady:

Yes, I can tell you what to do, because I see that you want to keep your children happy and out of mischief by giving them something to do that will be the greatest fun for them and, at the same time, enable them to be useful to you, to themselves and to the community.

Help your children to organize themselves as American citizens, under the Constitution of the United States. They will then make laws for themselves and elect one of the girls or boys to be mayor of their little city to see that the laws are obeyed. One of the children should be elected president of the city council, of which all of the children will be members, and one should be elected judge to decide what is right and what is wrong. Then the mayor will appoint a room commissioner to see that the rooms are kept in order, a hair commissioner, ears commissioner, hands and finger-nail commissioner, shoe commissioner, and as many other commissioners as there are children and matters that need attention. It is the work of these commissioners to see that all citizens attend to their respective duties.

You should help your children to understand that they cannot be good citizens unless they are friendly and kind to one another, because the spirit of the Constitution of the United States is that which is expressed by the Golden Rule.

Most girls and boys like to have things

fair and square, and consider that a game is spoiled if anyone cheats, or if anyone says bad words or does mean things. If they have their own government, they can easily prevent what they do not like. They can make paths where they are needed, plant trees and flowers and vines to make their yards look better and do various things to improve the neighborhood.

In the fall they can induce their teachers to let them have a school city in each room of the school and, possibly, make a republic of the whole school. Some girl or boy should be elected president, and another as vice-president, and they might have a Supreme Court, Congress and other national features. There can even be some school states if the school is large enough.

I just read the following remark by Judge Ben B. Lindsey of Denver, who is the originator of juvenile courts, made at a meeting in Philadelphia: "If you had the school republic in all your schools, you would have small need of a juvenile court."

I think that if you will read "A New Citizenship" and "The Boys' and Girls' Republic" or "The Third Act," and read to your children such parts as you think best, and let them read too, you will find all the suggestions you need.

Success to your little republic!

Very truly yours,
John Doe,
Judge of the Juvenile Court

Dear Judge Doe:

I've always told my little goslings and big ones, too, that the home could be organized as a democratic government like our United States. We are going to retain you at once as our counsel.

Yours truly,
The Mother Goose Lady



HEALTH-CHARACTER-FUN-FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

FAIRWOOD



FOR YOUR BOY

CAMP FAIRWOOD is located on Torch Lake, Michigan, in the famous Traverse Bay region. Boys from 9-18, well recommended, will be accepted.

All activities are supervised. Resident physician. Food and sanitation the best. Separate Junior, Intermediate and Senior Departments. Juniors given individual care—special quarters.

Illustrated booklet free on request.

Address: Capt. M. F. EDER, Ohio Military Institute, Cincinnati, O.

CAMP NEECARNIS

Big Star Lake, Mich.

For Girls 8-18



Special accommodations for the care of younger children at this ideal camp for Juniors and seniors. Experienced counsellors plan each day's activities. Meals carefully prepared by an experienced dietitian. Supervised play and long hours of rest.

Illustrated Booklet Free Giving Further Information

Miss EDITH C. HOLY, Director
39 Fitch Place, S. E.
Grand Rapids, Michigan



CAMP KECHUWA

For Girls 12 to 18

on Lake Michigan, Michigamme, Michigan
Eleventh Season
Swimming, diving, Red Cross life saving, canoeing, tennis, basket ball, base ball, dramatics, dancing, handicrafts, modeling, weaving, and printing. Overnight hikes and canoe trips. Staff of trained assistants including nurse and dietitian. *Booklet sent on request.*
Directors, Helen Ross,
Ella Ross, 1368 E. 57th St., Chicago

Camp Mishike "The Turtle"

for BOYS

In the heart of the North Woods, near Winchester, Wis. Definite program of forestry, under trained foresters. Canoeing, exploring, marking trails, learning woods lore. Every day an adventure. 1700 acres. Four miles lake shore. Write for booklet.
W. E. SANDERSON, Director
Box X555 Madison, Wis.



We rather believe you'd rather go to

STONE HILL CAMP FOR GIRLS

because we're going to do just the things you'd like to do during vacation time. And we're going to do all of our interesting stunts on charming, hilly and wooded camp property beside crystal clear Lake Court O'Relles in the magic Northlands of Wisconsin. Juniors six to twelve. Seniors thirteen and over.

If you'd like our booklet write to

MARIE LANDRY ADAMS, Director
STONE HILL CAMP FOR GIRLS
19th Floor, Stevens Building, Chicago, Ill.

Camp Wildwood for GIRLS

Northport, Michigan
Special attention given to Juniors



DALcroze Eurythmics taught by an authorized teacher. Horseback riding. Land and water sports. All included in season tuition. 200 acres on Lake Michigan shore.

Write for catalogue

MRS. ELEANOR HARRIS BURGESS, Director
5217 Cornell Avenue Chicago, Illinois

Pine Tree Camp for GIRLS

13th year On beautiful Naomi Lake

2000 feet above sea, in pine-laden air of Pocono Mountains. Four hours from New York and Philadelphia. Experienced councilors. Horseback riding, tennis, baseball, canoeing, "hikes." Handicrafts, gardening.

Miss BLANCHE D. PRICE
404 W. School Lane Philadelphia, Pa.

OSHIB-WAH

A Small Camp for Girls

Lake Leelanau, East Leland, Michigan

OSHIB-WAH girls under the immediate leadership of directors, are given true outdoor life in a real wood's atmosphere.

Exceptional advantages in music are offered in addition to athletics, cruising, dramatics and the many other activities which go with the woods and lake.



Booklet sent to parents who are interested

MRS. MARTIN D. ATKINS
1360 E. 58th Street
Chicago

SANDSTONE CAMP GREEN LAKE WISCONSIN

THE Camp of Happiness. Thirteenth season. Five hours ride from Chicago. Junior division provides best of care for girls 8 to 13. Careful supervision and instruction in all activities. Graduate nurse in charge of health. Address

MISS ESTHER G. COCHRANE
3722B Pine Grove Ave. Chicago, Ill.



THIS exclusive children's camp is open to a selected group of girls from three to fourteen and little boys from three to ten. Under the personal direction of Dr. Edith B. Lowry.

For illustrated booklet of information write

ORCHARD HILL CAMP for CHILDREN

On The Beautiful Fox River

St. Charles

Illinois

OUT DOOR SPORTS



A WATERMELON PARTY

By Dr. EMMETT DUNN ANGELL—*The Play Man*

Author of *Play*, *A Book of Games*, *Cage Ball Book*, *Real Games for Real Kids*, etc.

I'VE got a letter—and there's one for you, Jack," shouted Carol as she ran from the gate with the morning mail.

Jack and his chum, Bert Lane, called a halt in their game of Ring Tennis, for a game could wait when anything so momentous as a letter served as an interruption. The two children tore the envelopes from the enclosures and comparison showed that each had received an invitation. Bert looked over Jack's shoulder and laughed with his chum when he saw the funny card that the postman had brought. In the corner of the card three comical little negroes were pictured, each eating a gigantic piece of watermelon. Neatly printed was the invitation which read:

"If you are feeling hale and hearty
Come to my watermelon party.
If you like melons and like me
Come today at half past three.
Phyllis Rockly."

Before Bert could run over to find out if the postman had favored him, his sister, Elizabeth, dashed across the street, waving two invitations that were duplicates of those received at the Randolph home.

"Now I know why Phyllis has been so mysterious," said Carol. "She said she had a

secret but wouldn't tell me what it was."

Phyllis was the granddaughter of Mr. Rockly, the richest man in town, and though she lived in the city her vacations were spent in the village. Old Mr. Rockly, with his gracious manner and genial appreciation of his little granddaughter's friends, was very popular with the children. They loved to go to his splendid home with its spacious, beautifully kept grounds. By the fountain that rose in feathery beauty above a pool full of magnificent trout was always a fascinating place to spend an hour. It was fun to scatter bits of bread on the surface and watch the shiny beauties dart and crowd in their scramble for the crumbs. The woods in back of the house had towering century-old trees that were the pride of the old gentleman, and the winding paths, so inviting for hide-and-seek and chasing games, always delighted the children.

It is needless to say that half-past three found all of the invited guests at the Rockly gate. Phyllis was there to greet them and led the chattering crowd to the fountain and it was while they were watching the play of the beautiful fish that two new faces appeared at the gate. Jack saw them first and shouted,

"Why if that isn't Dip Streeter over there!"

Sure enough, there was Dip Streeter who had the reputation of being the toughest boy at Bens Grove. That is, he had had that reputation until Toppo, the famous clown who lived in retirement in the village as a toy-maker, had arranged a party and brought the village children and the Bens Grove children together. Since then they had been the best of friends and Dip, instead of proving to be as bad as his reputation, had shown qualities that had won instant appreciation from Jack and Bert. Dip knew the best places for fishing and he knew where the small wild things of the woods had their nests and dens.

With Dip was his Bens Grove chum, Fatty Wheeler, whose round, well-soaped face equalled Dip's in the embarrassment of meeting all of the well-dressed town "kids" on the grounds of such a palatial home. Phyllis raced Jack and Bert to the gate and greeted the two abashed youngsters enthusiastically.

"I'm so glad you could come," she said, "and I know everybody else is, too!" Dip and Fatty were soon eagerly watching the beautiful occupants of the pool, and were quite at ease with their friends when Mr. Rockly and Toppo joined them.

"Well, well," said the old gentleman, smiling. "It is nice to have you here, and though

Phyllis sent out the invitations this is really my party. She is just as much in the dark as to what you are going to do as any of you. Toppo is the master of ceremonies. Let's hear from him."

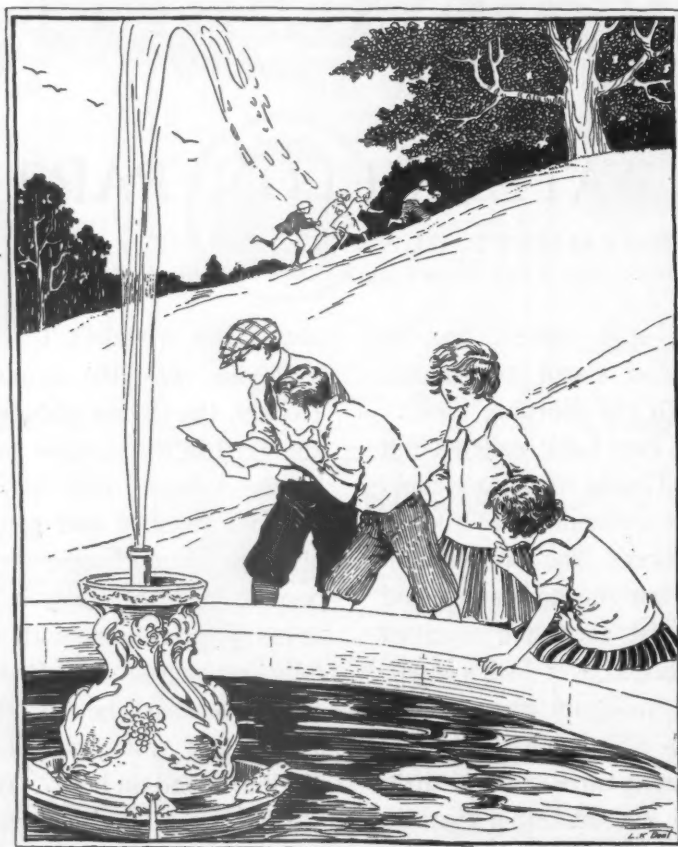
"Now, listen carefully," explained the cheerful ex-clown as he produced four colored envelopes from his pocket. "There are four teams to correspond to the colors of these

envelopes—the red team, the blue team, the green team and the orange. The first name on each envelope is the name of the captain of the team and the others belong to his team. For example, Dip Streeter is the captain of the blue team and his team mates are Phyllis, Andy Miller, Carol Randolph and Bert Lane. Jack is captain of the red team, Mary Emily of the green and

Bert Foster of the orange." Toppo gave the captains their sealed envelopes and continued his explanation.

"There are four big, juicy, luscious—lovely—watermelons—hidden, and they can only be found by following the directions in the envelopes held by the captains. Go to it!" he cried.

The captains ripped open the envelopes and eagerly read the slips of paper contained. "Gee, this is like hunting a pirate's treasure," laughed Jack excitedly, as he read his slip to his eager team. "*Go to the fountain,*" he read.



"and stand on the north side and go to oak tree that you can see from there. Look for a cross on the tree and then walk ten steps directly away from it and dig."

As Jack gathered his band on the north side of the fountain the other groups were rushing madly toward the landmarks given in their directions. The big oak was plainly visible and Jack's group of hunters rushed toward it. They found the cross and ten paces away they found that the earth had been disturbed. "We've found our watermelon!" shouted Jack as he joined his team in digging up the loose dirt, but all they found was a package of paper. They unwound yards and yards of strips and discovered a piece of white wood, and on the piece of wood was a new direction that sent them

hunting for a white birch tree where a new instruction was found by climbing to a notch hidden by the leaves. It was a merry hunt and the various shouting bands crossed trail many times before the first melon was found. Dip Streeter's skill in the woods helped him and he led his band to the first of the hidden melons, found in the tool house not more than fifty feet from where his team had started. The other melons were found soon after and the happy hunters gathered on the lawn with their trophies. The hunt had taken more than an hour, but was so full of mysterious

interest that it seemed but a few minutes to the children.

"I have three games for you now," said Toppo as he gave a big white card and a crayon to each of the captains. "The first will test your intelligence! Each captain will appoint a secretary and then you will see how many words you can get out of the word *watermelon*. You can't use the same letter

more than once and you must finish in twenty minutes. It will help you if you start with the letter *W* and get all the words that begin with that letter and then take the next." He gave the signal to start and the groups ran to spots remote from each other and began the word race. Twenty minutes later it was found that Mary Emily had eighty-nine names on her

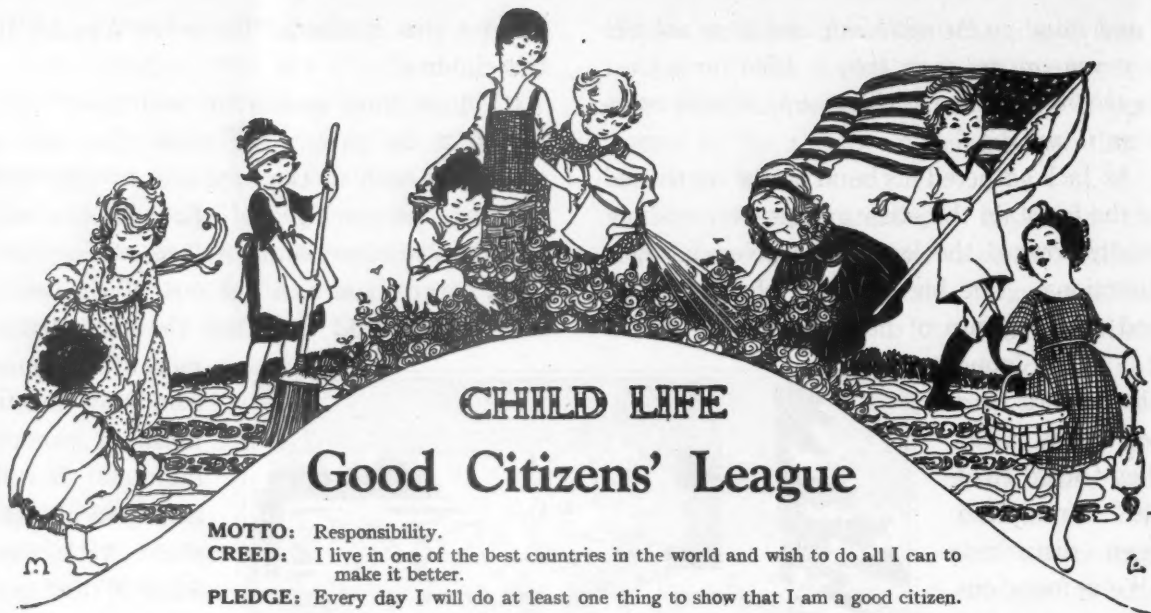


card, and as that was seven better than Andy Miller's team Toppo declared her team the champion of the word makers.

The next event on the program was the eating of the melons and Toppo showed the youngsters a new way to partake of the delectable fruit. Big pieces of wrapping paper were spread on the ground and the captains, holding the melons high in the air, dropped them. They cracked open, exposing the luscious dripping chunks of red. The feast was on.

When all was gone except seeds and rind Toppo cut the rind into small chunks and

(Continued on page 440)



MOTTO: Responsibility.
CREED: I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.
PLEDGE: Every day I will do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

Patriotism

"There are a number of great birthdays to celebrate in July," Miss Bradley told the members of the G.C.L. "John Quincy Adams, John Paul Jones, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Garibaldi, Thoreau and many others. But the greatest birthday of all is—"

"The nation's birthday, of course," David finished eagerly. "Haven't you some special plan for our league on Independence Day, Miss Bradley?"

"Well, would you like to decorate my big car as a special Good Citizens' League float and have me drive you in the parade?"

"Oh, would we?" shouted Dick. "We'll just have flags and everything. One of the boys can dress up as Uncle Sam and Miriam would make a dandy Miss Columbia. And can Jack and I ride our ponies, one on each side of the float, and carry flags?"

"That would be splendid," said Miss Bradley, "and I'll help you make some G. C. L. posters, too. On one of them we can simply have the name of our club—the CHILD LIFE GOOD CITIZENS' LEAGUE. On the others we might letter out motto, creed and pledge. That will show the people in this town just where our league stands and what it is trying to do."

"And for the rest of the month," suggested Elizabeth, "let's try to be heroes like George Washington and the other revolutionary leaders." The boys laughed, just at first, because they thought Elizabeth's suggestion too hard and impractical, but they thought it would be fun to try.

"We have just as good a chance

Message from ALEX STANTICH*

Have sunshine in your heart . . . and the blessed light within will comfort you. Have a song on your lips, that happiness may ring about you. Have a gentle word for those who address you in anger. Have sunshine in your heart and radiate life and love.

*Translated from *Jugo-Slav Junior Red Cross Magazine*.

A GOOD CITIZEN PATRIOTISM

A patriot is faithful both in public and in private duty.

1. I helped with an Independence Day celebration.
2. I put out a flag on Independence Day.
3. I gave a little flag to a child who had none.
4. I read or listened to the story of the signing of the Declaration of Independence.
5. I told this story to a foreign child.
6. I learned the names of several signers of the Declaration of Independence.
7. I read the Constitution of the United States to a group of children.
8. I read the story of John Quincy Adams.
9. I read the story of John Paul Jones.
10. I learned several new facts about some other hero on the list.
11. I was honest in games with my playmates.
12. I was honest with myself and careful not to slight my work.
13. I made every effort to find the owner of a lost article.
14. I told the truth in all things.
15. I kept my promises.
16. I was thoughtful of others.
17. I spoke only kind things of my friends.
18. I spoke only kind things to my friends.
19. I was unselfish in my play.
20. I was obedient.
21. I was brave about disappointments.
22. I was brave in the dark.
23. I was helpful at home.
24. I was helpful to a friend or neighbor.
25. I asked a grown person to superintend our fireworks.

An Honor Point is awarded for each day a good citizenship deed is recorded. The monthly Honor Roll lists the names of those who earn twenty-five or more points, and there is a prize for members who earn 250 points during twelve consecutive months. Other good deeds may be substituted for those suggested above, and the best original activities are published and awarded extra points. Write your name, age and address at the top of a blank sheet of paper; then each day you can record the date and your deed or deeds for that day. Send your July list of good deeds in time to reach us by August 5 if you want to see your names on the Honor Roll.

to be heroes as they did," said Miss Bradley. "Those men gave us many of the ideals that have made America so great. Our task is to see that those ideals are lived up to. Honesty, courage, perseverance and unselfishness are the qualities that make

us admire the men and women of revolutionary times so much. But we, too, can be honest and courageous and persevering and unselfish, and some day in a big crisis we shall act just as we have schooled ourselves to act in the little everyday crises."

"There's a lot more to patriotism than just shouting, isn't there?" said Dave.

"And there's something to this meeting besides patriotism and business and Independence Day plans, important as they are," added Elizabeth as she passed the cookies and ice cream.

Great Birthdays in July

Jean Baptiste Corot, July 7, 1796
 John Quincy Adams, July 17, 1797
 Guiseppe Garibaldi, July 4, 1807
 John Paul Jones, July 6, 1747
 Nathaniel Hawthorne, July 4, 1804
 Andrea del Sarto, July 6, 1486
 William Makepeace Thackeray, July 18, 1811
 Harmensz van Rijn Rembrandt, July 15, 1607

League Membership

Any boy or girl who is a reader of CHILD LIFE may become a member of the league and, upon request, will be sent a membership pin free of charge. Copies of the handbook will be mailed to any young person or adult who is interested in starting

a branch league. Address all inquiries to Frances Cavanah, manager, CHILD LIFE GOOD CITIZENS' LEAGUE, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Contest Winner

The large Good Citizens' League banner, offered the branch league doing the best clean-up work during April, was awarded to the Inglenook CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League, Inglenook, Ala. The prize winning letter follows:

We organized our league April 2. We desired to work at our homes and around the school. We adopted a slogan for each week. Here they are:

1. Clean up your own back yard.
2. Good-bye, dust and dirt. Inglenook has no use for you.
3. Death and destruction to all tin cans.
4. Mrs. Mosquito, get out of Inglenook.

Here are the things that we did. All back yards were cleaned up at least once, some as many as four times. We tried to pick up all tin cans that we could find and put them in the garbage cans; something like 1,000 cans were done away with. Every child helped to keep his own home clean, washed windows, scrubbed floors, swept porches, kept sidewalks clean, picked up glass and nails, kept front yards clean. We cleaned the school grounds, moved a pile of old tar paper roofing left by carpenters, picked up all glass, rocks, etc., on school grounds, picked up a few stray pieces of paper found on ground. We cleaned five vacant lots next to the school grounds, rubbed all marks off the school building, cleaned our school room, brushed down walls, washed woodwork, washed windows, rubbed all furniture, oiled floors, bought new curtains for windows and rubbed all marks from walls, put kerosene on six or more pools of water and learned what Mrs. Mosquito's nests are like.

All the members helped.

GIRLS

Anderson, Inez
Cater, Beatrice
Caine, Annie Lou
Chisohn, Mamie
Daniles, Marjorie
Dinkin, Clara

Drake, Ruth
DuBose, Myrtle
Eddings, Lorene
Farmer, Elsie
Hoffman, Dorothy
Liles, Virginia

Nows, Madeline
Petterson, Myrtle
Russel, Ruth
Selman, Lillian
Stender, Annie Louise
Slaughter, Mary Joe

BOYS

Cobb, Raymond
Elard, George
Farmer, Albert
Freeman, James
Gilliland, Herman
Graham, Vincent
Hamilton, James

Holt, Gresham
Huckaby, Richard
Hankins, Forrest
Johnson, James
Kincaid, Robert
Marsh, George
Moore, Clint

Thrasher, Tom
Self, Leslie
Walkaie, Sam
Weeks, Durant
Weeks, Lloyd
Cassady, Woodrow
Jones, Erie

Report made by Myrtle Du Bose, Inglenook, Ala.
Counselor—Miss Will Fellows

Honorable Mention

Honorable mention is due the America's Helpers branch of the CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League, Cambridge, Mass. The report made by Marie Mercier, mayor, will be published in the August issue of CHILD LIFE.

Best Original Activities for April

The following activities were awarded ten extra Honor Points:

I gave my prettiest Easter eggs to a poor little girl who had never had any pretty ones.—Anna Gertrude Douglas, High Point, N. C.
I carried my neighbors', as well as our own, garbage cans, back to the house after they were emptied.—Eugene H. Frambach, Los Angeles, Calif.
I wrote ten letters on my typewriter for my mother.—Harold M. Finley, McConnelville, Ohio.
I looked in a little boy's Easter nest and found it was empty, so I put some of my eggs in it.—David Maloney, Littleton, Colo.

Honor Roll for April

The following members earned twenty-five or more points:

Adams, Walter	Grimes, Harold	Richardson, Cecil
Anderson, Donald, Jr.	Grubb, Leon M.	Rimbert, Emerinda
Anderson, Evelyn	Hairston, Peter Wilson, Jr.	Ritchlin, Clara
Anderson, Mary Eloise	Hankins, Forest	Roberts, Sylvia
Andrews, Margaret	Harilee, Mary E.	Romero, Agnes
Bales, Rosalie	Hokin, Edwin E.	Rotte, Walter
Bane, Harriett	Holmes, Margaret	Roy, Edith
Baughman, Bernice	Holmes, Roberta	Russell, Ruth
Beightler, Ralph	Holmes, Winnifred	Selman, Lillian
Benckendorf, Donna	Hoopes, James	Shay, Walter Victor
Blummenchein, Evelyn	Hoopes, Jane	Shearer, Richard Dunlap
Brown, Mary Elie	Hoover, Max	Shepard, Earl
Catch, Jack	Hostetler, Maymie	Sinma, Freeland
Cleaves, Bernard	Hutchinson, Lillian	Slaughter, Mary Joe
Coder, La Verne	Jackman, Robert	Smith, Bessie
Coleman, Theodore	Jacob, George E.	Solo, Rosetta
Daniel, Marjorie	Kruse, Lyman	Spaulding, Janette
Dean, Norman	Lewis, Genevieve	Stender, Annie Louise
Donald, Donald	Lohato, Isabel	Stinar, Edward
Douglas, Anna Gertrude	Longbrake, Dorothy	Strugis, Matilda
Douglas, Frances	Ludlow, Elliot	Tarbutton, Hazel
Dubose, Myrtle	Maloney, David	Thesen, Lillian
Dudley, Oren	Martin, Don	Tiller, Carl William
Duncan, Jeanette	Morgan, Naomi	Tinkham, Harold Herbert
Eisen, Harold E.	Morrow, Eleanor	Tombough, Ruth
Ernenwein, Raymond	Murphy, Roy	Trout, Frost Shaw
Finley, Harold M.	McAdams, Ina	Tyner, Geneva
Fie, Charles C.	McFadden, George	Swope, Freddy
Fladt, Norma	McFadden, Howard	Shonfeld, Teddy
Florence, Jewell	Nelson, Mabel	Veget, Richard
Frambach, Eugene H.	Parker, Helen	Wagner, Geneva
Frey, Marshall	Pelton, Ruth	Walsh, Julia
Froman, Ruth	Pettow, Erma	Weber, Clifford
Fuller, Vivian	Priquet, Adeline	Wilhelm, Bosley
Galloway, Betty	Quickall, Dorothy	Wilkins, John
Gaumer, Mary Elizabeth	Quinn, Rosemary	Willie, Melvin
Gonsales, Antonio	Reinhart, Marjorie	Woodward, Virginia
Grinberg, Jeannine	Richardson, Alice	Wynhopp, Cora

CHILD LIFE POSTER CONTEST

ON THE next page (p. 438) you will find some more little poster friends. Cut them all out—just as you did last month, or else trace them on colored paper (gummed color paper is good) and cut out the tracings. Next month do the same thing with the poster page in the August CHILD LIFE.

You will then have the figures and designs (from the June, July, and August poster pages) for the complete picture. Now select a background of heavy paper, or a parchment lamp shade if you like, and make a pretty picture (or poster frieze) with all these figures and designs you have cut from the three poster pages. Paste them on your background in any way you like best.

Then send your complete picture or frieze or decorated lamp shade to CHILD LIFE POSTER CONTEST EDITOR, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill. Send it so that it will reach this office by August 12th.

The following prizes will then be given for the best poster. The winners' names will be announced in the October number of CHILD LIFE.

ONE HUNDRED AND TEN PRIZES!

Prizes for children from 4 to 8 years old:

First prize	\$25.00
Second prize	15.00
Third prize	10.00
Fourth prize	8.00
Fifth prize	6.00

Sixth to Ninth Prizes:

5 prizes of	\$5.00
10 prizes of	3.00
10 prizes of	2.00
25 prizes of	1.00

Prizes for children from 9 to 14 years old.

First prize	\$25.00
Second prize	15.00
Third prize	10.00
Fourth prize	8.00
Fifth prize	6.00

Sixth to Ninth Prizes:

5 prizes of	\$5.00
10 prizes of	3.00
10 prizes of	2.00
25 prizes of	1.00

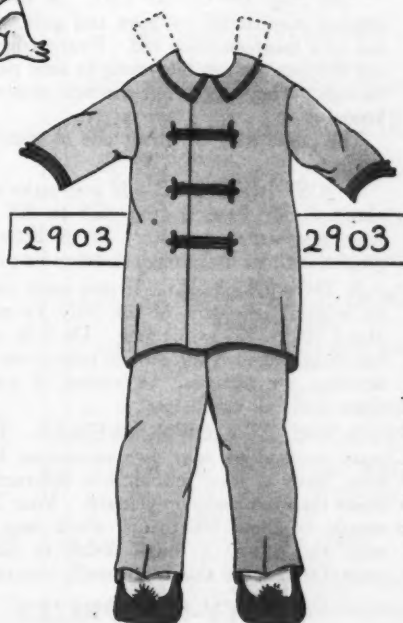
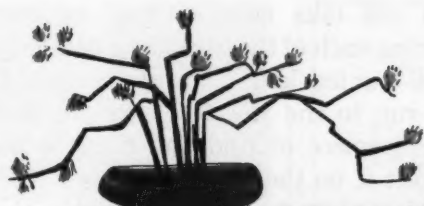
You're going to win one of these prizes, aren't you?



See preceding page for rules of Poster Page Contest

YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

Designed by CHIQUÉT. With Patterns.



BILLY boy is going away with Mother to stay a whole day and night. These are the things he will take with him. An adorable little suit of white jersey cloth is made with a smock that slips right on over his head. It only has three buttons which he can do himself for they are in the front. Billy likes his suit; it gives him such a grown-up feeling to dress alone. Pattern 4707, sizes 2-5 years. He wants to have a good time playing, so he is taking his black sateen overalls. He can wear them over his suit or with a little extra blouse. Pattern 3982, sizes 2-5 years.

Aren't his pajamas cute? Just like big brother's. They are

made of blue silk poplin because they are his best pajamas. Pattern 2903, sizes 4-16 years.

He is going to take Peter Rabbit of course; just could not sleep without his Pete Rabbit. Mother made Peter Rabbit; she used Pattern 4234. It comes in sizes 9, 12 and 15 inches. Wouldn't you like one, too? In fact, wouldn't you like to have a whole outfit just like Billy's?

Patterns are 20 cents each.

We are always delighted to answer any questions Mother may care to ask, if she will send a stamped self-addressed envelope to CHILD LIFE Pattern Department, care Rand McNally & Company, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago.

MY PAGE FOR CHILD LIFE

Another Contest

DID you ever read Pudgy or "Just Like This" or a "Toytown Tattler" or "The Jolly J's" and then say to yourself, "I can think of lots of funny things for Pudgy and the Toys and the Jolly J's to do. I know some new adventures they are going to have!" Then did you take pencil and paper and draw or write down the fun these little people have—that only you know about?

Well, some boys and girls think this would be fun to do, and we are sure you think so, too.

So—here is a brand new contest for you. Read the rules carefully and send your pages to the CHILD LIFE LITERARY CONTEST EDITOR, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, by July 12th and be sure that your handwriting is clear.

"My Page for CHILD LIFE" is to be an original manuscript by boys and girls who are not over fourteen years old. Four or five year old children are not too young to send pages in, though. They might tell the best stories, you know!

The pages may be about one of these three subjects:

1. **JUST LIKE THIS.** If you make a page about Pudgy have it from 175 to 200 words long, and write your story in six little paragraphs, with six little rough sketches for pictures.

2. **THE JOLLY J'S.** If you want to write an original adventure of the Jolly J's make it about 100 to 125 words long. Do it in nine or ten little sentences and send in nine or ten rough sketches for pictures. Of course, if you can draw well, all the better!

3. **THE TOYTOWN TATTLER.** If you want to send us your own newspaper for the toys, have at least four or five different news items that you make up yourself. Your Tattler should be about 600 to 650 words long. You may also submit a rough sketch to illustrate your Tattler, but this is not really necessary.

FORTY-SIX PRIZES

The best papers on "My Page for CHILD LIFE" will win the following prizes:

First prize.....	\$20.00
Second prize.....	10.00
Third prize.....	8.00
Fourth prize.....	6.00

Fifth to Ninth Prizes:

2 prizes of.....	\$5.00
10 prizes of.....	3.00
10 prizes of.....	2.00
20 prizes of.....	1.00

The prize winners' names will be announced in the September number of CHILD LIFE. Isn't it fun? Be sure to write on your page your name and age and address.

Start right away and perhaps your page for CHILD LIFE will win a prize!

A WATERMELON PARTY

(Continued from page 435)

when he had accumulated a large number he placed them in piles fifty feet away. "Now," he said, "we will see what sort of street cleaners you are, or rather park cleaners. You will take these sticks," he continued, handing each of the captains a pointed piece of wood four feet long, "and at the signal GO you will run to the pile that you are facing and spear a piece of rind and bring it back and deposit it on the wrapping paper. The next member of your team will take the spear and go after the second piece. There are twenty pieces of rind for each team to bring back. And now get ready. GO!"

Back and forth the children raced, bringing the speared watermelon rind to the wrapping paper spread out in front of each team's starting point. The race was close, but Andy Miller's team defeated Jack's racers because Jack had carelessly speared the last piece of rind and it dropped off when he was within twenty feet of winning. While he made desperate efforts to jab it on the pointed stick again Andy came sailing by and won.

"Now for a wind-up game," called Toppo. He produced large pieces of white cardboard. "You have all that is necessary for very fine art work," he explained. "You have the white cardboard and you will find that the wet melon seeds will stick to it like glue. Dip Streeter's team proved to be the best hunters, Mary Emily's team the best word makers; and Andy's the best spearers. Now I will give you twenty minutes to find out which team is the best picture maker. Now you make the pictures with the watermelon seeds."

The children found that the sticky seeds clung easily to the white cardboard and were soon busy with their new art work. They had both ingenuity and talent, and when Mr. Rockly and Toppo served as judges of the art exhibit they found little difficulty in deciding that Andy Miller's full-rigged ship should receive the award.

"Did you have a good time, Dip?" asked Jack as he parted with his friend, who with Pudgy was starting toward Bens Grove.

"Did I—O boy!" exclaimed Dip.

And he was too full of watermelon and happiness to say more.

DOGS

Where To Get Them



"Little puppies Pekingese
Which would you like best of these?
All, attention, if you please,
Sun Dogs of ancient Chinese."

\$35 and up, photos from
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2269-A Metropolitan Ave., Middle Village, L. I.

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Ashland, Wisconsin

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This Is Me

I may be little and soft and plump,
But my heart is big and true.
My mistress says now I'm quite big
enough
To leave my dear mother—for you.



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pictures from the largest and best
appointed kennels in the World.

\$25 up

MRS. HARRIE A. BAXTER
Great Neck, Long Island, or
489 Fifth Avenue, New York City

CHILD LIFE

Dog Stories

I HAVE a little doggie wog,
Whose name is Sportie dog.
Every time I go to get the
mail,

He wags his little tail,
And says "Bow Wow Wow."

MARTHA CLAPP
No. 1130 Santee St.
Los Angeles, California

I HAVE a little shepherd pup,
And I call her Honey.
I would not give my doggie up,
For lots and lots of money.

CARVER REYNOLDS
Aged 7 years Succasunna, N. J.

MY DOGGIE is a poodle,
He has a smart noodle,
When he sees me he wags his
tail,
As if to say, hail hail!

DOROTHY KATZOFF
Age 9 years Bridgeport, Conn.

CHILD LIFE wants each of
its little readers to have the
companionship of a dog and
will be only too glad to answer
any inquiries pertaining to the
selection of one of these loyal
pets for your household. Just
write to CHILD LIFE, Dog
Department, 536 S. Clark
Street, Chicago, Illinois.



What makes Molly so
happy? I'm sure you
don't have to be told,
for those two collie
puppies answer the
question. They came
from

**SUNNYBRAE
COLLIE KENNELS**
Bloomington, Ill.

Why don't you write to Sunnybrae? They have
fine collie puppies like these at reasonable
prices. Buy a collie and you will be sure that
you are getting the best kind of a playmate.
Mr. F. R. Clarke, owner of the kennels, has
written a book on Dog Training, which he
will send to you for 35c. He would be glad to
receive a letter from you.

Russian Wolfhound Puppies

Bred from the very best imported
strains. Puppies ready for shipment.

Prices Reasonable

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Beautiful, sturdy, country-bred. Ready
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Rex. \$10, \$15, \$20.

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R 14, Valley Park, Mo.

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Buy a puppy and make the children happy.
Write for price list.

C. N. WILLARD
Mt. View Kennel Middletown, N. Y.

A COLLIE AND THE KIDS

If you want the ideal dog as playmate we
suggest a Collie, faithful, graceful, beautiful and
gentle with the children.
Jefferson White Collies have won more first
prizes than all other white collies combined.

Send for free circular

The Jefferson White Collie Kennels
Box 745, Wauson, Ohio

Champion-Bred POLICE DOGS

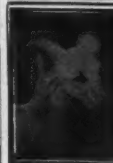
FOR SALE—A few puppies
from a mating in which the best
champion blood lines of Ger-
many, Austria and Holland are
represented.

Write today for full descriptive
circular

HELLO KENNELS

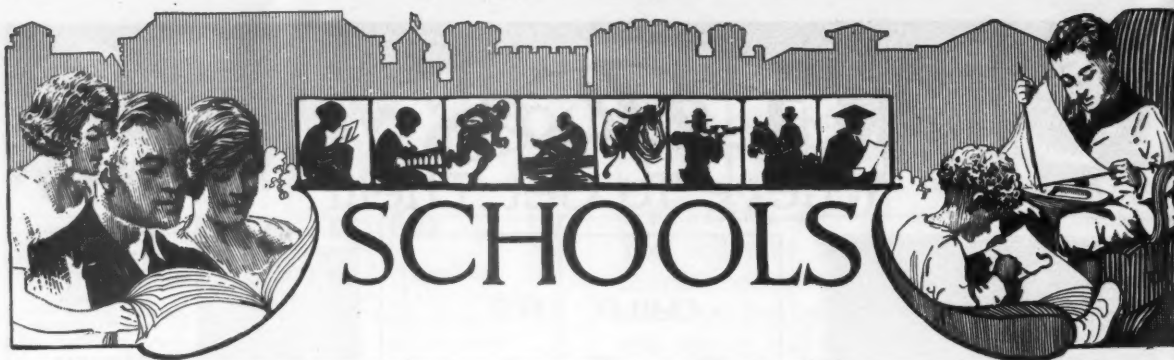
Chattanooga

Tennessee



HIGHNOON WHITE COLLIES
are ideal playmates for children
and what better companion
could a child have. Strong,
healthy, vigorous, beautiful.
Just drop a note to—

**THE HIGHNOON
WHITE COLLIE KENNELS**
1515 Glenwood Ave.
Youngstown, O.



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LET'S SUPPOSE

You are buying the material for your daughter's dress or, perhaps, a new suit for your son. The clerk hands you several neatly tied packages and tells you to take your choice. Would you casually select one of them, simply because it was expensive or you liked the color of the wrapping paper? Or would you demand the right to untie the packages and examine the material you are buying?

LET'S SUPPOSE

Instead of a dress or suit, you are purchasing the future of your child. And that is exactly what you are purchasing when you select a school for your boy or girl. Particular schools meet particular needs, but many parents, hampered by lack of information, must choose as blindly as the customers of the carnival grab-bag peddler.

OUR SERVICE

It is to help busy parents, who wish to select for their children, schools that will meet their individual needs, that the CHILD LIFE School Service has been established. We are careful in making suggestions, and we are ready to furnish such information and data at our disposal as will aid parents in making an intelligent selection. If you are undecided about a school to which to send your children, we are sure that our service will be helpful.

Address:

E. EVALYN GRUMBINE, Director

SCHOOL SERVICE

CHILD LIFE

536 S. Clark St. Chicago, Illinois

For the Little Folks Especially

THE gracefulness and poise developed in little girls through expert instruction in Classical and Toe Dancing, may be attained in no other way. It was with this thought in mind that Marie Landry opened her first studio twelve years ago.

Special classes formed for little girls as young as two years.

Descriptive literature will be sent on request to parents who are interested

Marie Landry School of Dancing
Stevens Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



TEACH YOUR CHILD at Home

and give him practically the same educational advantages he would have at the best private school.

A unique system teaches children from kindergarten to 12 years of age by correspondence at home, with the modern methods, guidance and supervision of a great day school, established 1897, with a world-wide reputation for training young children. Write for information to

CALVERT SCHOOL

11 Chase St., Baltimore, Md.

TO PARENTS

CHILD LIFE'S School Service has been established for parents. We want you to write us about any problems you may have when the time comes to select a school for your boy or girl. Our Service is entirely without charge to parents or to the schools we suggest.



CLUB MOTTO:

The only joy I keep is what I give away

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club.

The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about it in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention. No manuscripts can be returned.

For Joy Givers' Club membership cards write to

CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

ROSE WALDO, Editor
536 S. CLARK STREET

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

JULY

ROLLING like thunder—a flash-
ing storm,

Bursting o'er the summer calm,
Bright'ning all that's sad—forn, forlorn,
Healing all with merry balm.

Whistles loudly shrieking—blowing
Bands so gaily playing,
Crackers hissing—sparkling—glow-
ing;
Trumpets fiercely, clearly braying.

'Till at last the night folds low
O'er each merry town and gay;
Blazing stars shoot to and fro,
As if to signal fading day.

Far across the night's dark skies,
Glowing orbs shoot high and low,
Shining like great fireflies,
Bright'ning all the world below.

Yes—it's fun, these carefree joys,
Coming with the month July,
Planned by happy girls and boys
Under summer's azure sky.



JEAN HOCH
Washington, D. C.

But behind this noise and hiss,
There's a meaning coming through,
Through this jollity and bliss,
A mighty purpose—fine and true.

For this purpose good and great,
Long ago there rang a bell,
Rang until with crack did break,
After sounding Tyrant's knell.

'Tis for Independence's sake,
All this bliss, this joy, this fun,
And the righteous hand of Fate
That bade England's reign be done.

JEAN HOCH
Washington, D. C.

Age 11 years

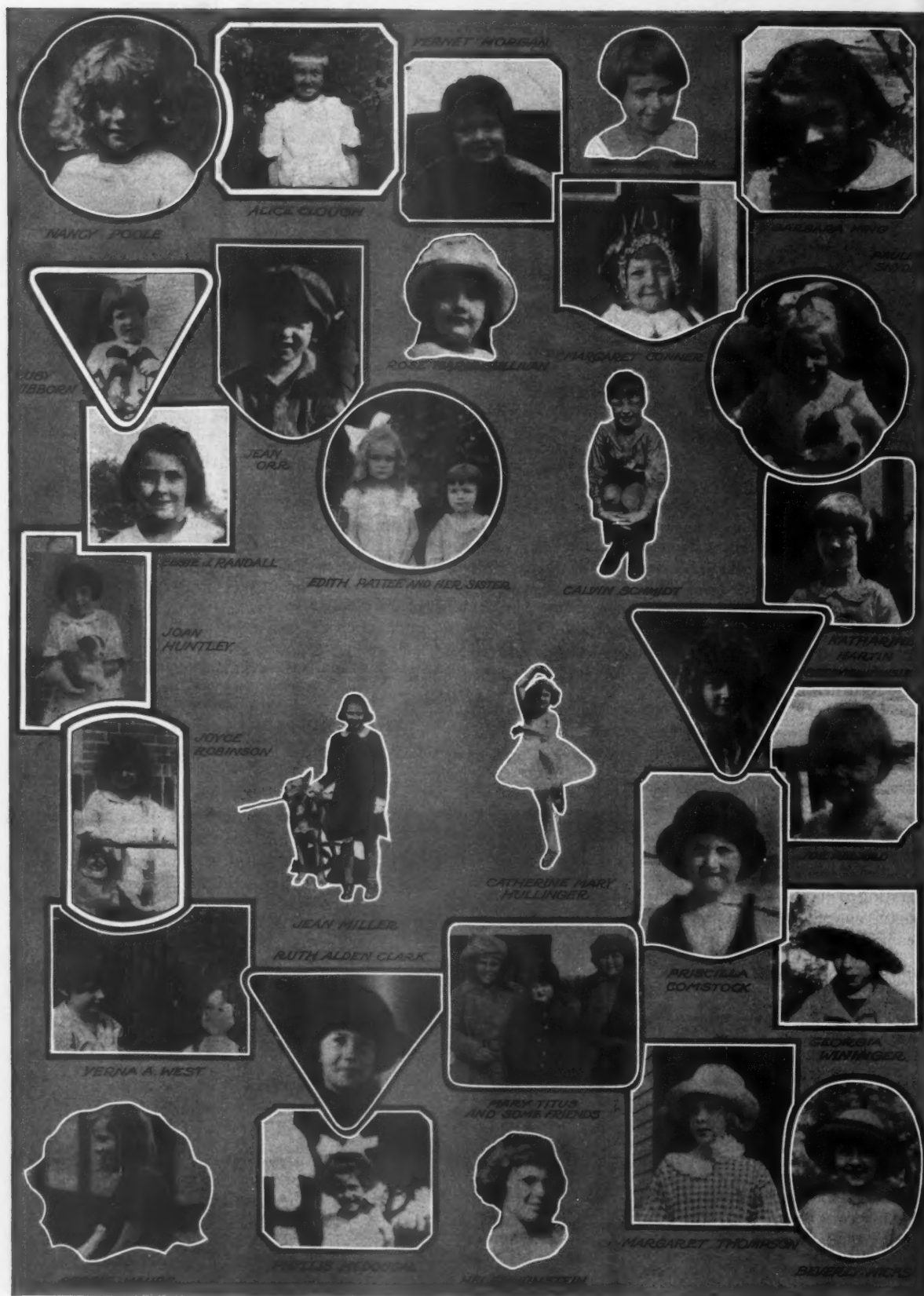
Dear Miss Waldo:

EVERY time Mother tells me my
CHILD LIFE has come, I jump
for joy. Your Joy Givers' Club is
the best page in any magazine I
know of. I was sorry "Now and
Then" and "The Crazy Story of
Dizzy Lizzie" stopped. But I like
"Adventures of Tom Tripp" as well.

Sincerely,

JOEY HESS

Age 10½ years Mondon, N. D.



A Group of Joy Givers



A Group of Joy Givers

BROWN PUPPY'S FOURTH OF JULY

IT WAS the Fourth of July. Brown Puppy lazily stretched himself in the morning sun, and walked out into the front yard. But oh, my, what noise and confusion! It seemed to Brown Puppy that all the balloons in the world were exploding. Of course, you know the sound was made with firecrackers.

Brown Puppy was frightened, so he fled to the woods for safety. When he arrived, he saw two small boys, also shooting firecrackers. Brown Puppy tried to run away, but it was too late. The naughty boys saw him, caught him, and in a few moments, poor Brown Puppy was yelping wildly at a long string of exploding firecrackers that were fastened to the end of his stubby tail. They stung his legs and singed his brown fur, and never before, had Brown Puppy been so frightened.

All of a sudden, a deep rumbling sound was heard, and it kept sounding louder and louder, until finally, it burst out with a crash. Then a flash darted from the sky. It was thunder and lightning. The fire crackers had all been exploded from Brown Puppy's tail, but now came this strange noise and flash to frighten him. As he ran and hid from this strange flash, Brown Puppy felt something cold and wet drop onto his nose. It was rain, and oh, how he disliked rain! Yes, Brown Puppy was quite sure that it was time for him to go home, so as he left the woods, he saw all the boys and girls scampering into their houses. Brown Puppy was very glad to have them all go in, and for once, he was glad it rained.

MARION KLEIN

Bald Eagle Lake, Minn.

Age 11 years

Dear Miss Waldo:

I LIKE CHILD LIFE very much. My mother has bought it for me for two years. I am sending my photograph.

Truly yours,

JEAN MILLER

Age 10 years Vineland, N. J.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I ENJOY CHILD LIFE very much. I like "Outdoor sports" and "Indoor Pastimes" and "Happiness Hall."

A friend,

ROSE MARIE SULLIVAN

Age 8 years Galveston, Tex.

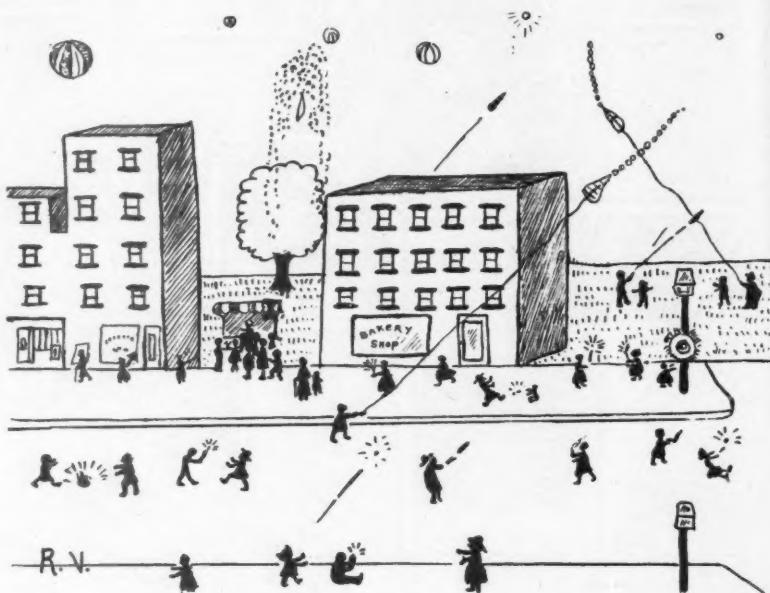
Dear CHILD LIFE:

I AM sending a picture of myself and my dog. My dog's name is Olive. My dog is five and one half years old.

Yours truly,

CAROL G. MARTIN

Age 9 years S. Pasadena, Calif.



THE FOURTH DAY OF JULY

SIDEWALKS thickly crowded with merry girls and boys, Trying to be understood above the din and noise, Pushing, scuffling, shoving with foot and arm and hand, Striving to get nearer to the fire-cracker stand. Draped in flying colors of the flag's red, white and blue, The wooden counter holds delights that every year seem new, Piles of roman candles, and lights of green and red, That really burn that color, the man who sold 'em said. Gay balloons that light and rise and sail away all bright, That fade into a tiny speck, then disappear from sight, Dull, grey sticks that quickly, by the magic of a match, Bloom into a thousand sparks that not a one can catch, And countless other pleasures that any child may buy To celebrate this great event, the Fourth Day of July.

ROSEMARY VOLK

Age 11 years Chicago, Ill.

Dear Miss Waldo:

CHILD LIFE is certainly a lovely magazine. But I was very sorry when they took off "Dizzy Lizzie" because I liked it the best, and now I like "Just Like This" the best. I am sending you my picture and a poem I made up. I hope that you will publish my poem and letter and picture.

MY PONY

I HAVE a little pony,
He is very dear to me,
And do I like to ride him?
Just look here and see!

Lovingly yours,

PEGGY HAUPPE

Age 10 years New York City

Dear Miss Waldo:

I AM a little Tennessee girl and love CHILD LIFE. I can read the letters of the children and it makes me love them and feel we are all one family. I look for CHILD LIFE each month.

FRANCES TOMLIN

Age 7½ years Jackson, Tenn.

Dear Miss Waldo:

MY SISTER and I think **CHILD LIFE** is a fine magazine for children. I always look for Pudgy first. My sister looks for the paper dolls. I guess all little children do. We enjoy the stories, too. I am sending a picture of myself.

Your new **CHILD LIFE** reader,

HELEN KITNER
Lamar, Mo.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I LIVE near a woods and in the summer it is full of daisies. It looks like snow, there are so many of them.

My little playmate and I have a tricycle and every day we have a race.

I like the paper dolls and the Huckabuck Family best, in **CHILD LIFE**.

A little reader,

RUTH MARIE BOYD
Age 5 years Geneva, Ill.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I AM sending you a picture of Caroline and me playing in our sand pile. I let Caroline play there with me this year although she is still very little and doesn't know very well yet about leaving houses and tunnels and birthday cakes and things alone. That is Buster sitting there watching us.



MARJORIE and CAROLINE GOULD

I take one of my dolls out for some fresh air every day.

Daddy made the sand pile, and he has just made a little white windmill that stays up on top of the clothes post and goes round and round as fast as can be when the wind blows. He is always thinking of nice things to do.

With love,

MARJORIE GOULD
Age 4 years Chicago, Ill.

Dear Miss Waldo:

WE ARE going to tell you about our wonderful trip to Washington. We took sight-seeing busses each day and saw the interior and exterior of most of the beautiful buildings. We took a trip to Arlington Cemetery. The most interesting one of all was the trip to Mount Vernon. I saw Martha Washington's beautiful flower gardens. I saw both of Washington's tombs, the old and the new one. When you look down from the porch of the house at Mount Vernon



EVELYN and LOIS KRACKE

the scenery is beautiful, looking down on the Potomac River. The old-fashioned furniture in the house was very interesting, also the little hole Washington put in his bedroom door to let his kitty in and out without disturbing him at his rest.

Lovingly,

EVELYN AND LOIS KRACKE
Park Ridge, Ill.
Ages 10 and 7 years

OUT IN THE WOODS

ONE day a great big house caught on fire and all the people in it did not know where to live. They said "Oh! goodness! now the house is gone. We don't know what to do!"

The mother said, "Oh! I know a good scheme. We will go out and buy some poles. But dear me, where shall we get the money? But listen! I have just ten cents and in this part of Chicago poles only cost ten cents. We will go out and buy the poles."

"Where shall we build the tent?" said the sister.

"Oh!" the mother said "I have a good scheme. We will go out into the woods and make it."

So next day they traveled out there and they finally got there, and so they said, "Oh! Let us build the tent now before any BAD lions come around or anything."

Well, they finally got it built and then they went into it to see how it was. The mother said, "What shall we do now? We have no food or anything—not a thing! I hope somebody will give us some food or something. What's that I hear? It is some bad lions! What can we do before they get here?"

The big girl said, "Never mind, Mother, we can all keep still and then they won't get us! Oh! here they come! I can see the shadow of them now. Oh! let us keep still! Now, they are gone."

Then they all put their noses out of the doorway for a little fresh air. When they looked outside there was a doll for the little girl! They looked outside the next day and there was a choo-choo train for the little boy. Then, when Sunday came, they looked outside again, and they said: "Oh my goodness! there is some sugar and everything!"

Then the next day there came a big rap at the door.

"Who is it?" they cried, and they all got behind the mother because they were frightened.

"We are nice Indians," they said.

"Have you any guns?" asked the mother, opening the door.

"No," said the Indians, "do you want a thousand dollars?"

"Yes," said the mother.

"Would you like to come and live in our tent?" asked the Indians, "it is a big one for all the Indians and soldiers, children and sailors."

"Yes, indeed," said the mother, "and I will give you all my sugar."

"That is just what we need," said the Indians.

"All right," the mother cried, as they went out of the doorway.

MARGUERITE CHAFFIN DUNLAP
Age 5 years Chicago, Ill.



THE
TINY
TOTER

Baby's Pleasure Car

Weight only 6¾ lbs.

Bright summer days are here and baby should be joy-riding and gathering health every day in his Tiny Toter. On rainy days he can take his ride in the house—rubber tires will not injure floors or carpets.

THE TINY TOTER

(Pronounce it 'Tote-er')

Folds up and unfolds in a jiffy; take it on cars, in shops or theaters. Cool, comfortable, inexpensive. Built to stand the racket.

MOST DEALERS SELL IT

If you do not find it near you, send us \$3.25 and we will send it postpaid. Money back guarantee.

TINY TOTER MFG. CO.

Penna. and B. & O.

DAYTON

OHIO

GLUEY Paste

Sticks Tight
Dries Fast

Send 10 cents for full size Handy House-hold Tube and booklet of cut-outs and house-labels.



MOTHER—By all means get this big handy tube. It is unequalled for crepe paper novelties, home labels, mending books, wall paper, music, etc.

KIDDIES—Your cutouts, kites, gliders, whirligigs, dolls etc. will look better, last longer and work better pasted with Gluey.

Used in schools, libraries, offices and homes everywhere

Sold at Drug, Department, Stationers and 5 and 10 stores

THE COMMERCIAL PASTE COMPANY
Columbus, Dept. C Ohio

GLUEY

STICKS LIKE A BROTHER

A BEAUTIFUL SUNSET

ONE evening as I was looking at the sunset

Across the hill,

I saw many beautiful colors.

The sunset looked as if it were a beautiful pathway

Up the hill

Where bloomed many pretty flowers.

Everything was still and beautiful.

I love to watch the clouds passing by

With the whistle of the wind.

The grass below was glittering

With the evening dew.

The birds had all gone to sleep.

Not a whisper, not a sound was to be heard.

The flowers had closed their eyes in sleep

Until the morning sun.

Everything was sleeping in its own beauty.

ELIZABETH ALICE HOWARD

Age 8 years

Georgetown, Tex.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I THANK you so much for my membership card. I want it framed and put it at the head of my bed, so when I feel cross I will look up and remember "The only joy I keep is what I give away."

BARBARA WESTON

Santa Clara, Calif.

Age 11 years

Dear CHILD LIFE:

I AM sending a story and a picture of myself beside some large poinsettias.

SKEEZIX THE GROUND SQUIRREL

I AM a ground squirrel. My home is in California and I live in the ground. I have beautiful gray fur and a big tail. I eat dates and grain. The place where I get my dates is a very nice place. The dates grow on great big palm trees. I have to look out for cats and dogs and a very fierce rooster. There are two little girls who like to watch me.

BARBARA C. FOX

Age 8 years

Palm City, Calif.

Fresh Air Exercise and Play



NOTHING in the coaster, wagon or velocipede line which so perfectly combines health and play as this popular Rocycle Exercise. Steady, even motion of the little arms and legs gives them ideal exercise in the open air! Child specialists urge its use! Mothers approve it! Children love it.

Rocycle

Nothing to get out of order. Simple, strong, safe. At good dealers. Or direct from us prepaid \$15.00 for No. 1 size; \$16.50 for No. 2. Write for free booklet.

PUFFER-HUBBARD MFG. CO.

2600 32nd Ave., So. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Make Your Home Attractive
Pictures, mounted or unmounted, will beautify every room. Use those dainty little

Moore Push-Pins
Glass Heads—Steel Points
For mirrors and heavy pictures, use Moore Push-less Hangers
"The Hanger with the Twist"
10c pkts. Sold everywhere
In Canada 15c

MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

Baby Books



MAKE a lasting record of that First Great Year in Baby's Life. Semi-blank pages on which to note the story from the day of arrival until his (or her) 1st birthday.

Board Cover \$.75
De Luxe Edition 1.00
Bound in Moire 1.50

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

Publishers

536 So. Clark St.

Chicago

Mothers Are Earning Money

DOES the family income provide for the finer social and educational needs of your home and children?

CHILD LIFE has given many mothers the opportunity for earning extra money without taking them away from the home. In this way, children have been given the educational and social advantages which mean so much in their development.

Let us tell you about our splendid plan, whereby you can make use of your spare time—even though you may have very little—to earn additional money, which will take care of the many things your family budget does not cover.

One mother in Wyoming, who has four small children has given her spare time to CHILD LIFE. As a result, she earned \$122.40 during the month of April. You can do as well or even better. It all depends on you, and how you use your spare time.

Fill out and return the attached coupon. We will advise you in detail about the dignified CHILD LIFE plan for earning money.

CHILD LIFE
536 South Clark Street
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

I wish to know how to use my spare time to earn extra money

Name

Street

City State

BUNNY'S WISH

I WISH I were a bunny,
All white and full of fluff.
I'd jump upon your dresser,
And be your powder puff.

HELEN EINSTEIN
Age 9 years Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Miss Waldo:

I AM a little girl in the sixth grade. My Granddaddy gave me CHILD LIFE for Christmas and I enjoy it each month.

BEVERLY CARSON HICKS
Age 9 years Black Lick, Ohio

THE MOON'S HOUSE

IN THE heavens is the Moon and the Moon's house. When the Moon gets hungry he comes down and goes into his house, where the Mamma Moon is cooking his dinner.

Isn't it terrible that the poor little Baby Moon has to stay all alone? While the Papa Moon is shining way up in the heavens, the Mamma Moon has to go to the grocery and she didn't take the Baby Moon with her because it was too cold. Don't you feel very sorry for the poor little Baby Moon?

BILLY BRITTON
Age 3 years New York City

MY CAR

I DROVE a car,
And I drove it far.
The name of my car.
It is the Star.

WALTER F. WINTON, JR.
Age 6 years Corvallis, Ore.

Dear CHILD LIFE:

I LOVE to have Mother read you to me very, very much.

I am sending you a little poem about Mercedes. I am sending you a little picture of her and me and my dear CHILD LIFE.

With love,
LYRA JUSTINE KAHN



Mother says:

"For growing children, there's lots of room in 'E-Z' Waist Union Suits."

"THEN, too, there's nothing like Nainsook for comfort in hot weather."

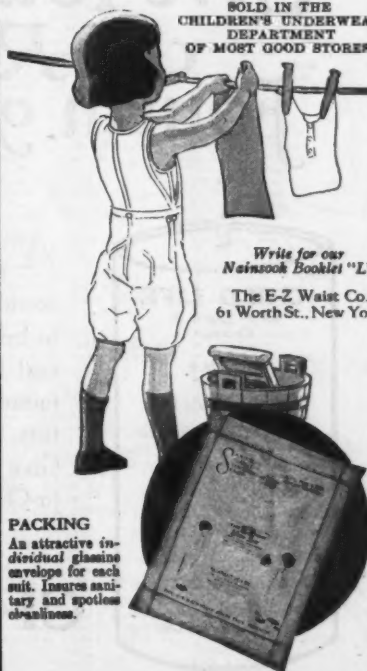
"These cool, comfortable, loose-fitting 'E-Z' Waist Union Suits are a delight to the children and they certainly save me lots of time and trouble. One garment, combining shirt, drawers and waist, to put on, take off and launder, instead of three, is a joy on hot days."

"'E-Z' Nainsook Suits are a help to mothers because the unbreakable real bone buttons are taped on to stay, the reinforced bias bindings strengthen every seam, the garment supporting straps relieve all pull and tug of clothing. The non-metal-garter holder and the individual, sanitary package are two other superior features. Made in athletic knee for boys and bloomer knee for girls."

**THE E-Z WAIST
UNION SUIT**
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

The Standard By Which To Measure
All Children's Underwear

SOLD IN THE
CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR
DEPARTMENT
OF MOST GOOD STORES



Write for our
Nainsook Booklet "L"

The E-Z Waist Co.
61 Worth St., New York

PACKING
An attractive individual glassine envelope for each suit. Insures sanitary and spotless cleanliness.



All Ready Fellows— Let's Go!

When it comes to real music this harmonica band of ours has the professionals backed off the boards. We don't want any complicated notes to read—we don't need any fancy stage effects to put this act across. One man's as good as another in this show, so long as he blows a Hohner Harmonica—

The World's Best

There's nothing like good music for entertainment and fun; and there's nothing like a Hohner for good music. If you want to make a hit with the fellows in your neighborhood, get busy and organize a harmonica band.

Get a Hohner Harmonica today and play it tonight. 50c up at all dealers. Ask for the Free Instruction Book. If your dealer is out of copies, write M. Hohner, Inc., Dept. 187, New York City.

HOHNER HARMONICAS

Are the Children In Your Neighborhood GOOD CITIZENS?

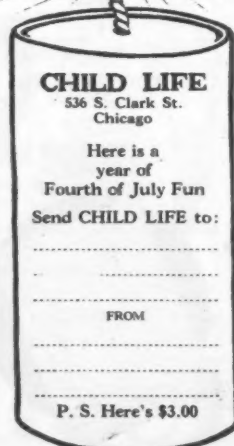
NOW that school has closed, how will their time be spent? In idleness or in intelligent play and helpful work? A branch of the CHILD LIFE'S Good Citizens' League in your neighborhood will provide them with wholesome good times and expert training in citizenship. Write for our handbook if you wish our cooperation in making the children of your neighborhood *good citizens*. The service of our Good Citizens' League is entirely free.

Child Life Good Citizens' League
536 S. Clark Street
Chicago, Ill.

- ☐ I am interested in organizing a branch league. Please send me a handbook.
☐ Please send me information about special membership.
☐ Please send membership pins for the children whose names, ages and addresses I have listed on the enclosed sheet of paper.

Name
 Street and number
 City State

Give Your Child A REAL Fourth of July!



AND put your autograph on the best fire-cracker in the world—one that's guaranteed to bring every child 365 days of real fun and educational entertainment by the greatest educators, artists and writers living. Give him a year's subscription to CHILD LIFE.

Do It Now!

CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine

MY SISTER

MY SISTER'S strolling in the garden,
 I can see her yellow hair,
 Yellow as the butterflies,
 Flitting here and there.
 I do not believe she knows,
 While flitting in the air,
 They are sifting fairy dust
 From their wings, into her hair.

WENDY HARLAN

Age 11 years Seattle, Wash.

Dear CHILD LIFE Friends:

I LIKE you all so much. There are four children at our house and we all love CHILD LIFE. My sister reads me the stories and my brothers play the games with me. I like the story of Betty and her doll house the best. Mama taught me one of the poems and I said it at our Christmas entertainment.

Your little friend,

VIRGINIA JANE WILLIAMS

Age 6 years Lakewood, Ohio

Dear Miss Waldo:

I AM sending my picture to you. It was taken in the Ozark Mountains of Missouri. I hope you will print it.

All we do is read CHILD LIFE in the evening.

Sincerely yours,

BARBARA KERAH

Dear Miss Waldo:

I AM trying to live up to the Joy Givers' Motto. I am sending you my picture, ready for a sail and for a good ducking. I can swim now and I am learning to dive.

MADELINE GREGSON

Age 12 years Pawtucket, R. I.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I THINK the picture that you sent is very pretty. I am going to have it framed as soon as I get the glass.

I am sending a picture of myself. I had a paper dress on when the picture was taken.

ALICE CLOUGH

Raymond, Minn.

Age 11½ years

WHO'S WHO HONOR ROLL

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Honeywell, Clinton
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Krohn, Eleanor
Krohn, Mary Carolin
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Knight, Bernice
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Leman, Katharine C.

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Lebean, Lucille June
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Miers, Ruth
Miller, Edward
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Matthews, Joan
Mrs. Anna
Martin, Katherine A.
Martin, Ralph, Jr.
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Morris, Caroline
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Mussey, Martha M.
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Molloy, Catherine
Musselman, Margaret
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Morrison, Sarah
Moore, Madeline
Madsen, William
Mail, Mary Ellen
Meyer, Lydia A.
Monger, Elizabeth Jane
Mussey, Frances
Manion, Helen
Mascetti, Susan
Metz, Erma Dean
Maddot, Mildred
Moulton, Ruth
Martin, Helen Louise
Malone, Juanita
Maguire, Jean E.
Minter, Virginia
Mellen, Flora B.
Meyer, Clara B.
Montgomery, Martha Gist
Mattern, Mary Elizabeth
Messenger, Anne
Miller, Ruth Lowry
Martin, Margaret
MacDonald, Vivian
MacKeehnle, Mary F.
McCullough, David L.
McDonald, Beatrice
McCoy, Ruth Ann
McDonald, Virginia
McCarthy, Rachel
McNeer, Alice
McGill, Jane
McGinnis, Leigh
McGaken, Elaine
McDonald, Mary Gluck
McGuire, William
McCahee, Betty
McLachlan, Alred
McDowall, Myra
McClung, Jack
McAuslan, Gloria
McMillan, Julia Pollard
McMurray, Mildred Lee
McKinney, Dorothy
McCurry, Marion W.
McLeister, Margaret Jane
McCarthy, Marguerite
McCarthy, Carolyn
Newton, Alice R.
Nelson, Albert
Nelson, Dick
Nehrbas, Beatrice C.
Nevelt, Elizabeth H.
Niekerson, Jeannette
Nolte, Corinne
Norris, Catherine
Nicol, Elizabeth
Noton, Marguerite
Nooney, Edward
Nagel, Dorothy
Ogle, Esther Leith
O'Brien, Christopher
Orr, Lyman W.
Omeara, Kathleen
Orr, Margaret
Ormond, Clara Kate
Owen, Joyce
Osterman, Nancy
O'Pray, Maude Hearn
O'Pray, Martha L.
Olbera, Evelyn M.
Oldenheimer, Robert
Oliver, Bradley C.
Ottley, Marcelle Ward
Parker, Rosamond
Parker, Eliza Louise
Pinkley, Jo
Powell, Mary Virginia
Perry, Elinor
Perry, Martha
Proctor, Carol
Perry, Lynn
Powers, Margaret
Phillips, Harriet
Payne, Helen
Potashnia, Myra M.
Pierce, Peggy
Parker, Jane Day
Pavey, Billy
Parsons, Georgia
Pondor, Lucy Digges
Pugh, Jean L.
Parker, Eleanor
Peck, Grace Pearl

Dear Miss Waldo:

I GET CHILD LIFE every month and can hardly wait until it comes. I am sending you a picture of my dog, King, and me. He died two months ago and I was very sorry because he was such a nice dog and so friendly, too.

I hope you will print my letter and my picture.

Yours truly,

MADGE HELENA CROSSLEY

New Philadelphia, Ohio

Age 10½ years

MERCEDES

I HAVE a little dolly,
Her eyes are not quite blue,
She went on a journey with me
And lost her little shoe.

One day a little package came,
What do you suppose was in it?
A brand new pair of dolly shoes,
And stockings to go with it.

LYRA JUSTINE KAHN

Age 6 years Lansing, Mich.

TO A BIRD

LIGHT-WINGED minstrel in
the tree,
Won't you pipe a tune for me?
Good things I'll give you all day
long,
If you'll sing a merry song.

Fly down, gay warbler, without
fear;
You will like what I have here.
Indeed, you'll get your fill of
crumbs,
If you'll hop right on my thumbs.

How lonesome you must be so high,
Where you almost reach the sky!
Now if you want a playmate true,
Don't stay there, but fly down,
do!

HARRIET MAY ADLER

Cleveland, Ohio

Piper, Helen E.
Pomeroy, Earl
Partridge, Judith
Pratt, Gerald
Payne, Helen
Pierce, Carolyn
Patterson, Mildred
Pike, Shirley N.
Peterson, Charlotte
Peebles, Mary Edith
Pendleton, Louise
Pleisner, Ella
Peterson, Marjorie V.
Price, Gwyneth M.

Preston, Margery
Pearce, A. V., Jr.
Pender, Mary Elizabeth
Parker, Betty
Pearce, Marjorie
Farmer, Marion
Patterson, Virginia
Post, Grace I.
Peterson, Adelaide
Pierbrook, Elizabeth
Page, Elizabeth
Feiser, Dorothy W.
Quine, Frederic
Quinlan, Robert Charles

Quirk, Marie Josephine
Ramey, Blair
Ravekes, Jeannette
Roell, Helen
Rowe, Margaret
Ravenscroft, Jack P.
Royer, Rebecca
Runge, Phyllis
Reece, Ruth S.
Rhodes, Bert Scott
Randall, Pearl
Ricketts, Nellie Frances
Raab, Rowe
Romney, Herbert Fox, Jr.
Roche, Florence B.
Ritchie, Jean
Ryan, Rosemary
Ryder, Margaret Angela
Reed, Thomas
Riek, Doris E.
Roller, Jane W.
Reid, Shirley
Robinson, May Lee
Rate, Natalie
Rom, Betty
Ritchie, Helen
Runkle, Ella
Ratner, Anna
Robins, Rebecca L.
Rankin, Polly
Rea, Barbara
Rupert, Isabelle
Roggs, Robert W.
Robbins, Elizabeth
Robinson, Philip
Robins, Elizabeth
Russell, Helen Gay
Ross, Dorothy
Ramsay, Anne
Rosenthal, Rita
Rinehart, Mary Norman
Raines, Edna Jeanne
Robison, Kathryn V.
Rosenberg, Sarah
Rose, Dorothy C.
Remley, Dorothy
Rembert, Virginia
Rosenmeyer, Pauline H.
Ried, Eleanor
Rodes, Nevra
Rosander, Ray L.
Rider, Dorothy
Reese, Wallace K., Jr.
Roe, Bernard
Renault, Mignon
Frank, Charlotte
Reddick, Mary B.
Remy, Betty
Rockwell, Henry R.
Sherman, Edna
Schmacker, Betty Ruth
Smiley, Dorothea
Sears, Marjorie
Sweeney, Ida W.
Stehle, Norman
Smith, Marce Helen
Smith, Naomi B.
Stetter, Lois E.
Silver, Madeline
Shauer, Pauline
Wittig, Mildred Louise
Silber, Gerald E.
Shaw, Audrey May
Sands, Ruth
Southard, Barbara
Shuman, Betty
Stem, Eleanor
Scott, Mary Ann
Squyer, June
Sulway, Barbara
Serios, Eleanor
Spalding, Priscilla
Shedd, Faith
Smith, Maxine
Suder, Virginia
Smith, Virginia Alice
Smyth, Ruth
Schaeffer, Margaret Boas
Sunderland, Alice A.
Sincere, Roslyn
Stiles, Frances L.
Seelyuns, Fred
Smith, Ida
Storob, Evelyn
Schindler, Florence
Scindler, Louise
Stonington, Betty
Switzer, Catherine Marie
Stanton, Frances
Shires, Philip M.
Skog, Marie C.
Steele, Robert
Swan, Peggy
Senrody, Elsie Jane
Sharratt, Nellie
Smith, C. Gordon, Jr.
Spratling, Cherie
Salsbury, Doris
Shanquet, Rose
Sherwood, Emma Jean
Shepherd, Mary Olive
Steele, Mary Bashie
Spratt, Jane
Seibert, James W.
Sexsmith, Owen McMath
Scamman, Joy Pauline
Surlins, Nancy L.
Stringham, Helen
Smith, Limple
Sharpe, Betty
S. J. Catherine
Sciaffer, Margaret Ann
Smith, Lola
Schaefer, Henrietta
Strauss, Mary
Seaver, Barbara
Stipe, Agnes A.
Strons, Jack
Stanwood, Shirley
Serba, Isabell
Sage, Cynthia
Siddall, Winifred
Semans, Adeline
Semans, Ellen R.
Semans, Rose Gordon
Shipman, Helen
Sedgeman, Priscilla
Salsbury, Ruth Audine
Schaefer, Martha Lucile
Samuels, Theodore O'H., Jr.
Spencer, Mary E.
Smith, Louise Hego
Sadler, Edward Oxnard

Starke, Roger Norton
Showmatoff, Zork
Sodin, Marion
Stafford, Jack
Smith, Anna Marie
Shiman, Adele
Robinson, Nancy
Smith, James Russell
Simmonds, Melvin
Shamilton, Betty
Stucky, Marian
Sterling, Freddy
Shoemaker, Margaret
Stewart, Ellen
Silverstein, Bernice
Self, Miriam
Shelvis, Janet P.
Stewart, Helen
Siegel, Mildred
Temple, Muriel
Tack, Mary Ella
Towens, Dorothy
Tarr, Rosemary
Tied, Jack
Thompson, Katherine
Taylor, Cella
Teter, Dorothy E.
Thompson, Ethlyn
Trachsel, Eleanor
Raylor, Mae Jane
Tillotson, Betty
Thomas, Frank
Thompson, Ethel
Triega, Ruth
Taylor, Bruce
Turner, Katherine
Trask, Agnes
Tittsworth, Ruby
Townes, Alys
Tuesdell, Bill, Jr.
Thacker, Mary Norman
Thames, Richard
Torrey, Marion
Tralnor, M. Frances
Taylor, Leota
Tribble, Mary Nell
Thomas, R. David
Thomas, Mary Alice
Rutle, Frances E.
Tindall, Mary Louise
Twining, Marion
Trimble, Martha
Thompson, Margaret E.
Thomson, Elizabeth M.
Turner, Virginia
Trask, Owen Smith
Ukula, Marie
Urban, George
Vaselo, Elizabeth
Van Der Hayden, Edward
Van Vleet, Adelaide J.
Vaslet, Eloise
Vogt, Charles A., Jr.
Vick, Betty
Van Camp, Elaine
Van Winkle, Laird
Van Orden, Max
Von Stenben, Andry E.
Vlek, Mary Jane
Walker, Hilger
Wittig, Mildred Louise
Walsh, Ashbel T.
Wilcox, Naomi
Wilson, Mary Knox
Werry, Thomas H.
Withers, Arnold
Wings, Billy
Williams, Betty
Wells, E. Lorraine
Wheldon, John
West, John
Weller, Janice
Woodall, Viola
Webster, Dorothy E.
Whiton, Janet
Williams, Olive A.
Wener, Heloise L.
Wyman, Mary Louise
Whybark, Roberta
Wheeler, Betty
Willong, Kathleen
Whitner, Betty Jane
Werr, Loretta
Whitman, Lelma
Whitaker, Corinne
Wuxanen, Charlie Martin
Wornden, Betty
Weiss, Anne
Will, Catherine
Wayman, John G.
Whitner, Virginia
Waters, Sara Jean
Wood, Martha
Wood, Gertrude
Walzer, Annie R.
Wallace, Ruth
Wood, Winifred
Wilson, Donald
Whitton, Mary
Wayne, Marjorie
Willeman, Betty Louise
Waldeen, Carol Louise
Wade, Billy Cary
Washburn, Edith M.
Woodson, Lucile W.
Wagner, Anne
Weast, William T.
Ward, Jack
Warner, Paul Stanton
Wangle, Betty
Well, Margaret
Waldreys, Phyllis
Williams, Geoffrey
Wambolt, Eleanor
Wanlgren, Marie
Williams, Carol
Wences, Benjamin, Jr.
Weedall, Elizabeth
Wall, Ashbel T.
Watkins, Elizabeth
Wilson, Eugenia
Wright, Margaret D.
Whitmore, Delmar Pirius
Wilson, Violet
Wilson, Phoebe
White, Bernice
Walker, Virginia
Walzer, Elizabeth
Wagner, Lucile
Willett, Tom
Watkins, Janet
Young, Mary Pat
Young, Charles Seattle
Yoder, Frances G.
Zell, Edna
Ziegler, Margaret

PRIMROSES

I HAVE some pretty primroses,
That grow around a fishpond
gay.

I water and tend my primroses,
Almost every day.

The primrose is my birthflower
That's why I love them so.

Every day I love to water them,
And watch them grow.

PAULINE SNYDER

Age 10 years Vallejo, Calif.

Dear Rose Waldo:

LAST summer we were going to visit our grandma in Sibley, Iowa. On the way we stopped at St. Paul, Minn. My mother wanted us to have a magazine to amuse us on the train so we wouldn't get so restless. The clerk at the news stand told us about CHILD LIFE and my mother got it. She and my brothers and I thought it was very nice.

When we got to Sibley my cousin said she had been taking CHILD LIFE a year. We thought there were some cute things in it and our aunt gave it to us for a Christmas present.

I think the covers of CHILD LIFE are very cute. I like to read "In Music Land" because I have taken music lessons four years and I am very interested in music.

Yours truly,

RUTH CLARK

Age 11 years Marquette, Mich.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I GET CHILD LIFE from my aunt. When it comes I like to look for Pudgy or the puzzle first.

Yours lovingly,

JOY GODDARD

Age 8 years Cheshire, Conn.

Dear Miss Rose Waldo:

I READ the CHILD LIFE stories over and over again. I think they are very interesting for little boys and girls.

Yours sincerely,

CAROLYN KIMBALL

Age 9½ years Taylorsville, Ill.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I HAD to stay in bed and I can never tell you how much I enjoyed CHILD LIFE.

I had lots of Joy Givers come to see me and they brought me everything to make me happy—games, puzzles, books, drawing books and colored pencils, and as soon as I got tired of them I sent them to the Children's Hospital.

This is one of my new pictures. I am just six years old.

Your little friend,

BETSY ANN HISLE

Age 6 years Hollywood, Calif.



ALFRETТА STOKER

Dear Miss Waldo,;

I NEVER miss a copy of CHILD LIFE. My mother and daddy are theatrical people and travel all the time, so I go to a private school, Red Bird, up in the Ozark Mountains of Arkansas. I travel with my daddy and mother in the summer months and we have such wonderful times.

We only have ten pupils in our school and you should see us when Mother sends us a CHILD LIFE. Our teacher reads it for us in school, but I never let it go until I read every page.

The Good Citizens' League is doing so much good. Every child that reads CHILD LIFE is trying to be on the Honor Roll.

ALFRETТА STOKER

Age 9 years Lamar, Ark.

Dear CHILD LIFE:

WE ARE members of the Joy Givers' Club and would like to have the other members see who we are. We try to be real Joy Givers everywhere we go.

LUCY AND FRANCES WATERBURY
Yakima, Wash.

Age 6½ and 5 years

Dear Miss Waldo:

I JUST have the best time reading the lovely stories in CHILD LIFE Magazine!

We have a camp in the big Maine woods and go there every summer. I have a big swing in an old horse chestnut tree that is over fifty years old. It serves for a shade tree to our camp. Also some days we have our dinner out under it and have great fun.

My aunt has a bull terrier, Tillie, and a nice big cat, Teddie. In the morning when they go out the cat waits for the dog to chase her. Whichever one comes in first will kiss the other one. The dog won't allow any other cat in the yard and the cat keeps out all the other dogs. They will sleep in the same box and eat from the same dish. The cat is eleven years old and the dog two years old. They are good chums and love each other.

Yours very truly,

VERNA A. WEST

Age 9 years Everett, Mass

Dear Miss Waldo:

MY LITTLE brother, age two, loves CHILD LIFE. Although he can't read, he adores the pictures. We must be very careful with CHILD LIFE. We handle it with care, for Mother saves every copy, and on rainy days out come the back numbers.

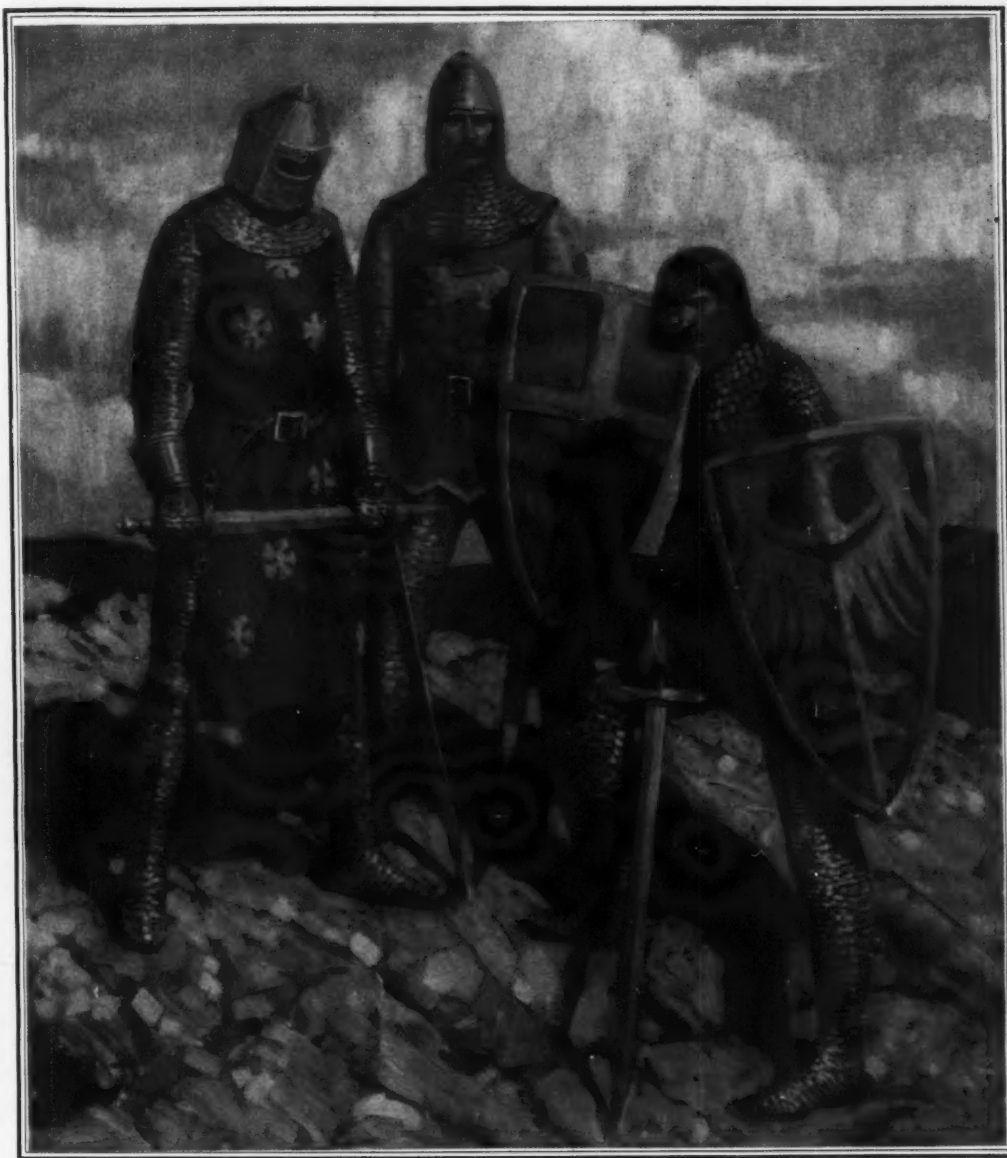
I took the last copy to school and my teacher read some stories to the class. We also played the Gigggle-Gigggle game. In fact, all the children in our neighborhood love the Gigggle-Gigggle game. I introduced it, thanks to my precious CHILD LIFE.

Lovingly, your Joy Giver,

VERADERE SIEDMAN

Age 7 years Jersey City, N. J.

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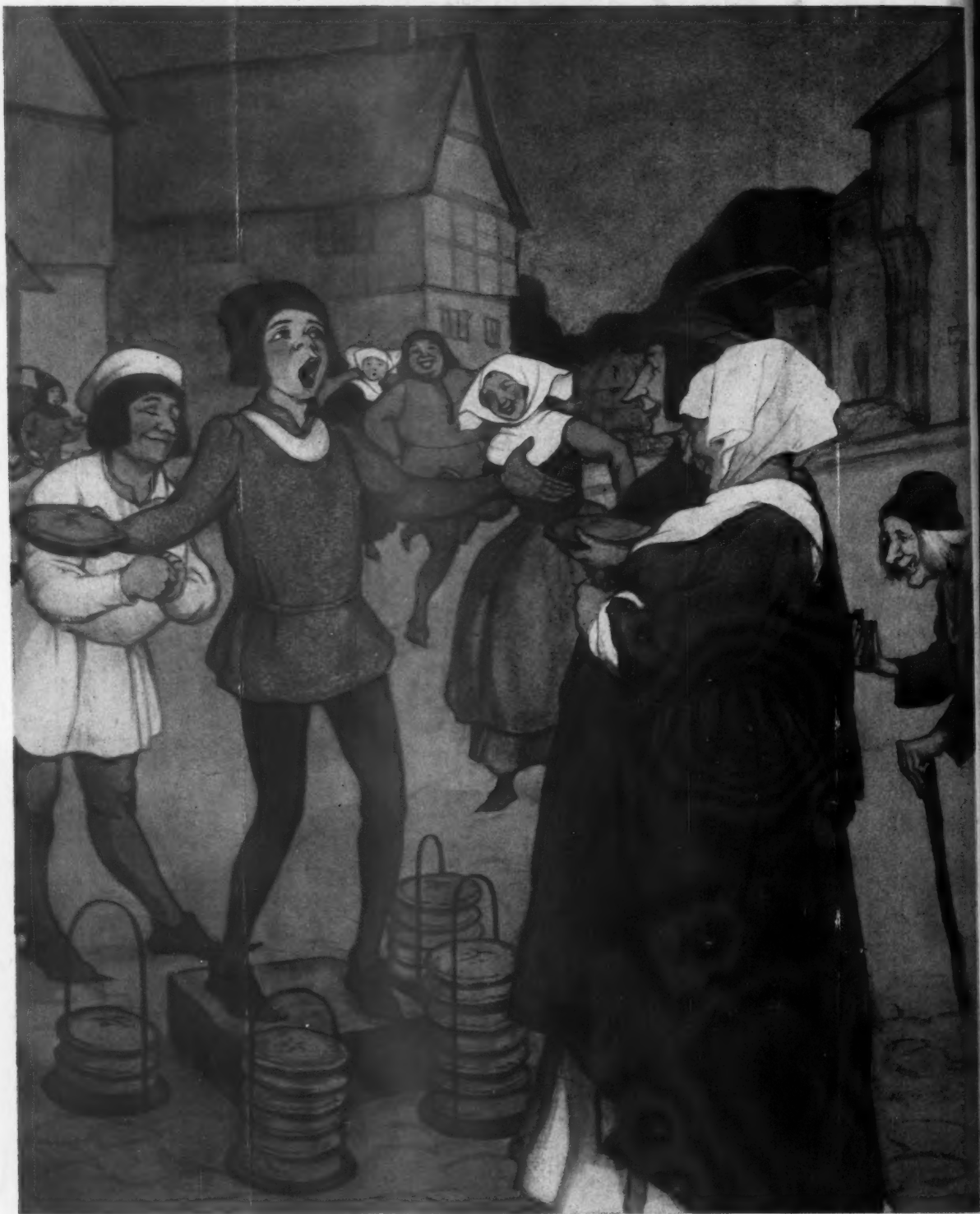
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